THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 154 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · APRIL 18, 1942 NUMBER 16

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Published weekly and copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

PIERRE LAVAL IS BACK IN POWER AS A result of a German ultimatum to Vichy. Nervous about the increasing pro-United Nations sentiment in France, fearing the effects of expanding British raids or even attempts to establish bridgeheads on the French coast, Hitler has insisted on a 100 per cent pro-Nazi administration in Vichy. In this way he hopes to provide some security for his rear when he launches his spring campaign in the east. Probably also he is counting on getting the use of the French fleet, the potential menace of which has recently been multiplied by British necessities in the Indian Ocean. Laval returns to office as Deputy Premier, which in effect places him in full control of the Cabinet, as Minister of the Interior, which means control of the police and the local authorities, and as Foreign Minister. Admiral Darlan, who remains in charge of the armed forces, is hardly less of a pro-Nazi than Laval. The change at Vichy, indicating as it does complete subservience to Berlin, represents a severe diplomatic defeat for the State Department, the effects of which can only be offset by a complete reversal of its appeasement policy. We should no more maintain relations with Laval than with Quisling; Admiral Leahy should be recalled immediately, and full recognition should be given to General de Gaulle and the Free French. All economic assistance to France must be suspended. Finally, we should at once direct the most intensive propaganda toward France and appeal to the French people to resist collaboration with the enemy and to fight traitors in their own government. It is the French people and only the French people who can thwart Laval's plans for the adhesion of France to the Axis.

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THE FALL OF BATAAN CAME SO SUDDENLY after weeks of gallant defense that the American people felt the loss more acutely than more serious reverses. Strategically, Bataan was not of first-rate importance. Until the Japanese take Corregidor, their other conquests on Luzon are of little value. And even Manila Bay itself is no longer vital to the Japanese now that they have Hongkong, Singapore, and the French bases in Indo-

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China. From the standpoint of prestige, however, Bataan was of the utmost significance. The Japanese had boasted that they would conquer Luzon in a week. The repeated failure of their offensives not only damaged their pride, but because of that pride tied up a considerable part of the Japanese invasion forces in a relatively minor operation. No one knows how long Corregidor can hold out. Its fate is sealed by the blockade, which precludes the possibility of relief or reinforcement. But its small size provides protection against direct assault and its powerful guns present a constant threat to the attacking force. Several hundred miles to the south of Luzon, the Japanese appear to have been successful in a large-scale attack on the island of Cebu. Although this attack might come under the head of a mopping-up operation, it gives the Japanese another good harbor and increases the difficulties of an eventual American counter-offensive.

*

EVIDENCE THAT THE NEXT JAPANESE DRIVE will be directed against India accumulated during the past week. Prime Minister Churchill reported that the enemy has an extremely powerful fleet in the Bay of Bengal, consisting of at least three battleships, five aircraft carriers, and a number of smaller vessels. British naval forces in the Indian Ocean have been strongly reinforced, but they will be severely handicapped by the loss of the aircraft carrier Hermes and the 10,000-ton cruisers Dorsetshire and Cornwall as a result of Japanese air attacks. On the Burma front, only a few hundred miles from the Indian frontier, the Japanese continued to make steady progress toward the oil fields. In this campaign the enemy has maintained virtual domination of the air despite the arrival of new planes from Britain and the United States. The one hope that the tide may soon turn is provided by the reappearance of the Flying Tigers of the American Volunteer Group, with new equipment. Protected by these American fliers the Chinese have been able to offer more stubborn resistance than the nearby British troops operating virtually without air support.

*

THE VICTORY PROGRAM OF THE AUTOMOBILE Workers (C. I. O.) is a remarkable and worthy answer to the recent anti-labor campaign in Congress and the press. Recognizing the necessity for sacrifices in an all-out war effort, the U. A. W. agrees to suspend all demands for extra pay for work on Saturdays, Sundays, or holidays, reaffirms its pledge to refrain from strikes, and commits its members to an effort to increase production to the utmost. The union agrees to go even farther than this and to accept all wages for time over forty hours a week in non-negotiable defense bonds if the government will adopt a comprehensive program for assuring an "equality of sacrifice" in the war effort. Specifically, the U. A. W. urges a 3 per cent ceiling on corporation profits, a $25,000 ceiling on individual incomes, over-all price-fixing, rationing of necessities, the adjustment of wages to meet increases in living costs, a "living wage" for the dependents of the men in the armed forces, and labor representation in war and post-war planning. Although there are certain items on the list, such as the ceiling on war profits and over-all price-fixing, which are open to criticism on practical grounds, the program as a whole is well worth Congressional attention.

*

OVERTIME PAY, WE ARE TOLD BY THE MANY voices of organized capitalism, is a brake on production and an unwarranted burden on the taxpayer; demands for increased wages are a selfish attempt to cash in on the national emergency. If these things are true, what are we to say about the really fancy increases in salaries which many corporation executives have been voting themselves? Publicity has recently been given in Senate hearings to this matter, but some of the most flagrant cases have not hitherto been brought into the light. We are indebted, therefore, to an article in *Your Investments*, organ of the American Investors' Union, for the following samples:

		Total Remuneration	
		1940	*1941*
Aviation Corporation	Victor Emanuel	$25,000	$79,150
Bethlehem Steel	Eugene G. Grace*	298,144	357,724
Burlington Mills	J. Spencer Love	91,939	179,652
General Electric	C. E. Wilson	135,000	175,000
Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock	H. L. Ferguson	70,400	127,080
Nash Kelvinator	G. W. Mason	126,092	225,731
Republic Steel	T. M. Girdler	176,000	275,000
Sperry Corporation	T. H. Morgan	147,243	181,480
Timken Detroit Axle	W. F. Rockwell	24,300	77,250

* Special remuneration only, exclusive of salary.

All these companies are holders of large government contracts, and the increased salaries they pay help to swell costs for the taxpayer. No doubt these executives are working long hours, but their "overtime" rates seem somewhat more excessive than the time and a half paid to a dollar-an-hour mechanic.

*

ARTHUR KROCK AND THE EDITORIAL PAGE of the New York *Times* have been whipping up a typical *Times* frenzy—intense but dignified—against the War Labor Board's decision in the Walker-Turner case. That decision, it seems to us, was a pretty successful attempt at a decent compromise. The employer, in the words of the board, had refused "to take the slightest step toward more cooperative relations" with his employees. Since the union, the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, had, like other unions, given up for the duration its only real weapon, the right to strike, it had been unable to enforce its demands, and the union itself had begun

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to disintegrate. The board awarded the employees an 8 per cent increase in the hourly wage and prescribed a grievance committee. However, the important clauses in the decision are those which provide (1) that employees who were in good standing in the union on November 27, 1941, as well as those who have become members since then shall remain in good standing for the period of the contract, and (2) that "the union shall not coerce any employee to join a union and any employee who claims he has been coerced shall have the right to impartial trial by an umpire." Needless to say, it is the first of these that has raised the temperature of Krock and Company. The union's demand for maintenance of membership, which is voluntary to begin with, does not seem to us an excessive price to ask in return for a pledge not to strike. Even from the employer's point of view it is desirable, since it operates against excessive labor turnover. But the unctuous Mr. Krock sees in it a threat to the Bill of Rights. The closed shop is not involved, but the *Times* headed its editorial Toward a Closed Shop. We suspect that what really worries Mr. Krock and the *Times* is the possibility that the big boys as well as little ones like Walker-Turner may be forced to grant maintenance of membership.

*

THE *CONGRESSIONAL RECORD* HAS ITS moments. We should like to quote, for instance, from a speech by Representative Nichols of Oklahoma:

> Camp Gruber, in my Congressional district, is being constructed. As most of you know, we have in Oklahoma a power project in operation known as the Grand River Dam Authority, which project was built by the state of Oklahoma and recently taken over and put under the control of the federal government. Bids were asked a few days ago for the power that will supply the lights for this camp. The Grand River Dam Authority offered to supply the power to the camp at 5 mills per kilowatt-hour. The Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company, a private public utility, bid 10.8 mills per kilowatt-hour to furnish the same power. It is going to be necessary to construct approximately eleven miles of line no matter which one of the bidders gets the contract. The Corps of Engineers awarded the contract to the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company.

Mr. Nichols reported that he had done some telephoning to people in Oklahoma and in Washington as well. All he got was confirmation of these outrageous facts and a few additional ones. He discovered, for instance, that the private company and the Grand River Dam Authority exchange power with each other on peak loads. If the private company gets the contract, "in peak loads they will be buying power from the federal government . . . at 4 mills a kilowatt-hour and selling it back to the same government for 10.8 mills. . . ." Mr. Nichols ended his speech by saying that "there had better be forthcoming a good explanation of this thing or a country boy from Oklahoma is about to start a one-man investigation that is going to blow somebody's head off." More power to him—preferably public.

*

TWO BLOWS HAVE BEEN STRUCK AGAINST racial discrimination in the last week. Secretary Knox has announced that Negroes, who up to the present have served in the navy only as messmen, will hereafter be admitted to some regular units. The President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice has ordered ten manufacturers in the Middle West to stop barring Jews and Negroes from work on war contracts. Of the two actions the second is the more satisfying, for it allows no discrimination whatever and it carries the threat of government intervention if an employer fails to mend his ways. But while such a solution is workable in industry, the problem is more difficult in our caste-ridden navy. Race prejudice runs deep not only among the officers, a disproportionate number of whom are Southerners, but among the men themselves; therefore a widened range of opportunity, even though it falls far short of equality, must be considered a step forward. From now on Negroes will be enlisted in reserve components of the navy, marine corps, and coast guard. Presumably they will be used chiefly for shore duty near home bases, but at least they will be given work previously limited to whites.

What Next in India?

IT IS obvious that the plan for the future independence of India which Sir Stafford Cripps carried in vain to New Delhi was hopelessly prejudiced from the start by the fact that it was at least two years overdue. Nevertheless it did, we feel, present an opportunity which has been fumbled by the Indian leaders, who insist they must have full responsibility or none at all. For they were offered a large part in the defense of India, and in organizing resistance to Japan they would have begun to organize their own future and thus to reinsure themselves against the possibility of a later British attempt to dilute the substance of freedom.

The negotiations which Cripps engaged in so pertinaciously and with such evident good faith have revealed to the world how great are the internal obstacles to Indian independence. That it is not just a matter of Britain's surrendering its sovereignty is implicit in the statement of the working committee of the All-India Congress rejecting the Cripps plan. On the one hand the committee objected to the principle of non-accession, which would have permitted unsatisfied minorities to remain outside the proposed federal union; on the other, it admitted that

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Congress "cannot think in terms of compelling the peoples of any territorial unit to remain in an Indian Union against their declared and established will." There is no suggestion, however, of the means by which the dilemma can be solved, of how the minorities are to be satisfied that by consenting to join in the business of constitution-building they are not binding themselves to majority decisions. As Cripps pointed out in recommending his plan, it is much easier to persuade a suspicious negotiator to sit down and talk if you leave him a door for escape.

But if Congress was vague on the minority problem, the Moslem League was downright intransigent. Its major objection to the Cripps plan was that it did not provide explicitly for a separate Moslem India. Dissatisfied with the proposal which would ultimately leave the question of a province's adhesion to the union to a vote of the adult male population, it declared that in provinces where the Moslems are in a majority the decision must be left to them alone. That is to say, the fate of Bengal, where there is a bare Moslem majority, might be settled by the votes of less than 30 per cent of the population. It seems clear that Mr. Jinnah's statement was drawn up with the knowledge that the Congress Party would reject the Cripps plan and that hence the Moslem League could lose nothing by reiterating its full demands.

But at this stage, with Japan raiding the Indian coast, recriminations and attempts to fix the blame are to be avoided. The urgent task is the defense of India, and that is as much the concern of the United Nations as a whole as of India and Britain. Despite his obvious disappointment, Sir Stafford Cripps stressed the fact that the failure of the negotiations had left no feelings of rancor between him and the Indian leaders. Nor did he believe that their discussions had been fruitless. "They will leave their impress," he said, "a good, clear, healthy impress which will influence the future." Congress, too, has shown a desire not to slam any doors. In a letter to Cripps, Maulana Azad, its president, declared: "We are agreeable to postponing the entire issue so that the largest possible measure of unity may be achieved in the present crisis for India's defense."

The impression of good-will made by this statement was fortified by Jawaharlal Nehru's promise that "we are not going to embarrass Britain's war efforts in India, or those of our American friends who may come here." Nehru went on to make clear his rejection of the suggestion that only passive resistance should be made to Japanese aggression and to disavow in the strongest terms the idea that Japan could or would "liberate" India. Those who were led by bitterness against Britain to voice Japanese views were, he said, expressing "slave's sentiments."

In the light of such statements it is difficult to believe that some basis of cooperation between the nationalists and the British government for the defense of India cannot be found. Is the Churchill Cabinet big enough to swallow its chagrin at the rejection of its proposals and make a new gesture to Indian aspirations? It could declare that, although its plan has been withdrawn, it stands by the central feature—the promise of independence after the war. It could, as the London *Times* has suggested, abolish the India Office—that symbol of imperialist bureaucracy—and turn over the handling of Indian affairs in London to the Dominions Office. It could finally offer Nehru and other Indian leaders an opportunity to assist in the defense of India, for instance, by asking them to organize Home Defense and a Home Guard. If such an offer were made, after the other suggested steps had been taken, we feel sure it would not be refused.

I. G. Farben and Jesse Jones

THE time has come for some Congressional body to make a thorough investigation of the contracts negotiated by Jesse Jones and his Defense Plants Corporation. Past revelations by the Truman committee have shown scandalously one-sided contracts in aluminum and steel, and our Washington letter this week shows the extent to which Jones is collaborating with the oil and chemical interests in his synthetic-rubber program. To these complaints are now added serious charges on the floor of the House and Senate about his magnesium contract. A subcommittee of the Truman committee recently called the DPC contract with Basic Magnesium, Inc., "one of the most flagrant attempts at war profiteering to come to our attention."

Worse than the profiteering, if true, is the fact that this contract rewards an enemy of this country. Production of magnesium in the United States has been stifled and an artificially high price maintained through cartel and patent agreements between the German I. G. Farben Industrie and the Aluminum Company of America. These two concerns owned jointly the Magnesium Development Corporation, a patent-holding company which licensed only the Dow Chemical Company.

Production of magnesium in this country at present is largely in the hands of Dow and Basic Magnesium, Inc. The latter, as pointed out by Congressman Anderson of New Mexico, is controlled by a British company, Magnesium Electron Limited. Magnesium Electron was half-owned by I. G. Farben under a restrictive patent cartel agreement similar to the American agreement. The British and American Alien Property Custodians have taken over I. G.'s interest in these companies, but the German share of the profits may go back to I. G. after the war is over.

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Whether I. G. Farben gets its share of the profits or not, war production of this vital light metal will be in the hands of companies which connived with the Germans before the war to restrict American and British production. "Does it not seem unfortunate," Congressman Leavy of Washington asked, "that this great nation in its hour of peril must depend upon a group whose misconduct will have been officially established in connection with strangling production by contract agreement with our enemies?"

Senator Bunker of Nevada sees "sinister" influences at work in the favor shown these two I. G. Farben partners by the Defense Plants Corporation. We should like to know what part these influences have been playing in thwarting development of alternative methods for obtaining magnesium, such as the ferro-silicon process. It is time the whole story of the DPC's contracts were brought into the light.

Taxes and Prices

CONGRESSIONAL complacency received a rude shock last week when Leon Henderson, federal price administrator, announced that the pending $7,600,000,000 tax bill would absorb only about one-half of the "inflationary gap" between purchasing power and available consumers' goods. For weeks the House Ways and Means Committee had been dilly-dallying over the Administration's tax bill. Its protracted hearings had served only to crystallize opposition from interested groups to each of the Treasury's specific proposals. Alarmed at the possible political repercussions of raising taxes in an election year, some Congressmen had begun to talk of scaling down the Administration's program and relying to a greater extent on borrowing to defray the costs of the war. The National Association of Manufacturers and other representatives of big business have taken advantage of the delay in Congress to push an extremely vigorous and apparently well-financed campaign for a sales tax to replace the Treasury's proposed levies on business profits. This campaign has undoubtedly made headway despite strong opposition from the Administration.

In stressing the need for immediate and even stiffer increases in taxes than were called for in the original Treasury proposals, Mr. Henderson has served notice on Congress that it is time to stop playing politics and consider the well-being of the country. There can be no question of the need for this sharp reminder. With the drastic curtailment in the production of consumers' goods and the tremendous increase in government expenditures for arms, purchasing power is bound to outdistance the supply of goods unless the surplus is drained off in one way or another. As Mr. Henderson has repeatedly pointed out, no system of price control can possibly succeed in the face of such an accumulation of unused purchasing power. An over-all price ceiling, such as is advocated in some circles as a substitute for the present system of selective ceilings, could not hold against the rising pressure. Lacking flexibility, the over-all type of control would be more likely to give way completely than the present piecemeal system. However, it is possible that the Administration will impose a rigid ceiling on prices and rents as part of a desperate effort to check the inflationary rise in living costs.

Sales of war bonds serve a useful purpose because they drain off some of the surplus purchasing power. But although bond sales have been consistently high since Pearl Harbor, no one would pretend that they are high enough to relieve the inflationary pressure materially. Only a huge tax bill can do that, and its effectiveness will depend to a large extent on who is to bear the burden. The tax bill must be adapted so as to drain excess purchasing power where it is most likely to spill over. It is at this point that the conventional arguments for the sales tax fall down most completely. Its proponents are quick to insist that it is anti-inflationary because it mops up purchasing power from the entire population rather than from any one sector of it. This, of course, is perfectly true. But all the studies that have been made of income distribution show that some two-thirds of the population are living so close to a subsistence level that every cent of their earnings is spent for the necessities and minor comforts of life. Taxes levied on this group are almost certain to be taken out of their expenditures for food, health, and necessary clothing—all of which are important for maintaining efficiency and morale in war time. Practically all the savings of the country—all the surplus purchasing power—are in the hands of the upper 20 per cent of the income group, which is, by and large, the income-tax-paying group. It follows, then, that increases in the levies on personal incomes and corporation profits, such as have been advocated by the Treasury, are admirably adapted for absorbing the surpluses in purchasing power. For it is these upper income groups which are most likely either to save their money or to spend it for needless luxuries.

All this is very elementary economics. But it involves concepts which apparently are quite foreign to Congressional thinking. Congress appears to understand only one thing, particularly in an election year, and that is votes. Fortunately, the type of tax bill which is best for the country as a whole in this crisis is one which should alienate the fewest votes. Mr. Roosevelt learned years ago that while the National Association of Manufacturers and its allies make the loudest noise in off-election years, their power at the polls is very small. We can only hope that a majority in Congress are astute enough to grasp this bit of political wisdom.

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Questions for Martin Dies

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AT THE end of this week a hearing will be held by the Committee on Accounts of the House of Representatives to decide on an appropriation for the work of the Dies committee during the coming year. This is a major responsibility. For Mr. Dies, always a nuisance, is today a menace. He is an ally, valuable and much praised, of the entire anti-Administration, pro-appeasement clique, in Congress and out. His admirers range from isolationist Congressmen to Nazi Bundists. He is not only a tool to be used against every progressive element in the government; he also serves as a mouthpiece for the variegated Quislings in the country. Mr. Dies may be stupid, as his best friends aver, but he is a genius at capturing headlines.

So today Representative Cochran of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Accounts, has a unique opportunity to serve his country. By curtailing its funds he can end the Dies Inquisition and return the Grand High Inquisitor to more modest Congressional duties.

Will he dare? Dies has somehow built up the myth that to refuse his committee an appropriation is equivalent to treason and betrays at least a tenderness for communism. But just in case the committee decides to give Mr. Dies's record a real overhauling, I have set down fifteen questions which I hope its members will put to him. With the country at war against the fascist forces of the world we may as well find out what the head of a Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities has done and thought about fascism in America.

Here are the questions for Mr. Dies:

1. When, Mr. Dies, do you plan to investigate the activities of Father Coughlin, and how does it happen that you haven't done so already?

2. Why have you never investigated the Ku Klux Klan?

3. Why was the testimony before your committee of Gerald Winrod, Kansas fascist, called off shortly after it began and the investigation of his activities terminated?

4. More than two years ago Girolamo Valenti, editor of *La Parola,* laid before one of your agents a mass of material on Italian fascists in America, showing their penetration into the school system, their semi-military activities, all their propaganda tricks. You canceled the hearing at which Valenti had been scheduled to testify. Why did you suppress this evidence, Mr. Dies?

5. Why have you never investigated fascist "front" organizations such as the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, which shelters a collection of anti-Semitic, anti-democratic groups, or the American Union for Nationalist Spain? When you publicly commended the American Coalition in 1940, did you know it was affiliated with the Nazi-controlled International Anti-Communist Entente in Switzerland? If not, why not?

6. Allen Zoll, Coughlinite and anti-Semite, was leader of the picket line at Station WMCA when Father Coughlin was banned from the air. His fascist connections were mentioned at a hearing. Why did you never investigate his activities? Was it because a member of your committee, J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, was a speaker at one of a series of luncheons arranged by Zoll? (The speaker at Zoll's next luncheon was Joe McWilliams, New York fascist rowdy, later arrested for anti-Semitic provocation. You didn't investigate him either.)

7. Why did you make public appearances with Father Edward Lodge Curran, Christian Front agitator, after he had been revealed to your committee as a member of General Van Horn Moseley's prospective fascist government? And why did you give further evidence of your approval by allowing yourself to be photographed with your arm around Curran?

8. On November 29, 1939, at Madison Square Garden before a crowd of Christian Fronters, Coughlinites, and pro-fascists, you said that "the Communist influence imported to Spain from enslaved Russia doomed the Republic of Spain. . . ." It is a historical fact, accepted by all, including the Italians and Germans, that the Spanish Republic was defeated by fascist arms. Why did you try to whitewash the Nazis and Fascists? Was it to please the chairman of this meeting in your honor, Merwin K. Hart, one of our leading pro-Franco propagandists?

9. Why did you not investigate the activities of John Eoghan Kelly, major in the United States army reserve and paid agent for Franco, who was accused before your committee of working with native fascist groups? Was it because of Kelly's close friendship with Hart?

10. Why did you challenge the assertion of a witness before your committee that Franco was a fascist?

11. Why did you go to Hollywood in 1941 and try to persuade the motion-picture companies to quit making anti-Nazi films?

12. Why do you think the Berlin Nazi organ *Contra-Komintern* published in full the testimony before your committee of J. B. Matthews, the turncoat who afterward became your chief investigator?

13. In your dislike of all Communist tools, past or present, how do you manage to overlook the record of Mr. Matthews, who as first chairman of the League Against War and Fascism was as close as any other fellow-traveler to the Communist high command?

14. Why do you think such American Nazi and fascist organs as the *Deutscher Weckruf,* Coughlin's *Social Justice,* Gerald Winrod's *Defender,* the Ku Klux Klan's *Fiery Cross* have gone out of their way to commend you?

15. Were the articles signed by you in *Liberty* magazine in the winter of 1940 written by George Sylvester Viereck?

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The Truth About Rubber

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 12

IT WOULD be unwise to assume that our rubber troubles are over. They have just begun. In the excitement over the Standard Oil–I. G. Farben revelations, certain factors have been overlooked or remain unknown. I should like to mention a few of them.

1. The consent decree which ended the Standard–I. G. Farben anti-trust case was the result of an ultimatum. Curiously enough, and this indicates the real balance of forces, it was an ultimatum from Standard Oil to Thurman Arnold, not one from Thurman Arnold to Standard Oil, which brought the case to an end. Through the War Department, Standard Oil brought strong pressure on the Department of Justice to induce it to forget about the case. Attorney General Biddle supported Arnold, but the pressure was so strong that Arnold had to make it clear that he would resign and tell the whole story to the Truman committee if he were forced to drop the suit.

Standard Oil knew that Thurman Arnold had evidence on which some of its officers might go to jail if they had to face a jury under war-time conditions. The company was adamant, however, on several points. It would not accept a decree which made its future relations with I. G. Farben subject to the veto of the Attorney General. It would not permit an agent of the Department of Justice to go into its laboratories and make sure that the "know-how" on its rubber and toluol patents was made fully available to other companies. And it did not want to pay a large fine. Although the maximum fine under the anti-trust laws is $5,000, Standard Oil could have been forced to pay from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in fines. Each officer and each director of the company and the subsidiaries involved might have been fined the maximum amount on each of many different counts.

John W. Davis handled the behind-the-scenes negotiations for Standard Oil, and his final "take-it-or-leave-it" offer was $50,000 in fines and the consent decree as it now stands, without government supervision over future cartel arrangements or Standard's laboratories. The company preferred to go to court rather than pay more than $50,000 or submit to those two conditions. In court it could have dragged proceedings out for many months, if not years, and during this period vital patents for synthetic rubber, explosives, and other war materials could have been kept from the government. Arnold's decision was influenced by anxiety to avoid just this situation.

2. In the matter of rubber, the consent decree does little more than give the government the privilege of investing its money in the production of the synthetic product. No business man, unless assured in advance of Standard Oil's approval, is going to risk his own money in this business despite the patents offered "free" for the duration of the war.

This needs to be understood. The consent decree makes the patents available, but the patents themselves, as was explained in the Truman committee hearings, are kept purposely obscure. One needs the "know-how" to use them. The transfer of "know-how" is not a simple process. There can be a mumbled explanation or full and patient instruction in the use of the patent. For the latter, one is dependent on the good-will and good faith of Standard Oil. Both are dubious.

Standard Oil is allowed to charge the "cost" of the know-how, and this again is likely to be a source of controversy. In the case of butyl, the best rubber patent it has, Standard can charge not only the cost of the know-how but a "reasonable compensation" therefor. In case of dispute over failure to deliver know-how, alleged overcharge of cost, or an unreasonable demand for compensation, one can—write a letter to the Department of Justice and wait for the courts to decide.

If a capitalist is intrepid enough to brave these risks —and the average capitalist sees Standard Oil through no such rosy spectacles as the average newspaper editor —he faces two others. The first is that he is embarking in a new business on the basis of patents for which he must pay "reasonable royalties" as soon as the war is over, and "reasonable royalties" may mean long litigation with Standard Oil. In the field of patent law the ordeal by litigation is about as likely to be productive of justice to small business men dealing with financial giants as was the ordeal by drowning to old ladies suspected of witchcraft. It is cheaper and safer to join up with the trust and take its orders.

Another factor will also give the entrepreneur pause. The report of the chemical division of the old National Defense Commission to Stettinius, made public for the the first time by Jesse Jones at the Truman committee hearings, contains some very illuminating observations. Of the synthetic-rubber problem the report says: "If the plants are to be designed by the companies but built at government expense, the tendency will inevitably be to design on a more expensive basis in order to make entirely sure that the plants operate satisfactorily instead

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of taking reasonable engineering risks and adopting new and promising alternatives which may not have been 100 per cent demonstrated. The effect of this in the direction of raising estimated costs is apparent." Plants built on this luxury scale discourage private capital from entering the field. "One large company," the report pointed out, "has already indicated that it would be willing to put substantial private capital into building larger plants if it was reasonably sure that it would not have to meet the excessive competition from government-financed plants." We may rest assured that no little business men will rush in to ask for "free" patents under the circumstances.

3. If the RFC were not in the hands of a Jesse Jones, government financing would not bar independents from the making of synthetic rubber. But of the twenty-five companies picked by Jones to produce 650,000 tons of the new 700,000-ton rubber program, all belong to the inner circle of the Rockefeller-du Pont-Mellon oil and chemical ring, and include some of the most notorious American industrial collaborators with Nazi cartels. Jones promises to let smaller companies make the remaining 50,000 tons. We shall see which companies he picks.

4. Last January 5 the Supreme Court in a unanimous decision by Chief Justice Stone in the Morton Salt case seemed to push our patent law back toward the days when a patent was regarded not as an absolute property right but as a franchise which could be lost through abuse. It gave new meaning to the principle that the courts might refuse to enforce a patent right when it was being used "contrary to the public interest." Standard Oil gave as much as it did in the consent decree because it feared this decision. The consent decree, however, leaves title to these patents in Standard Oil's hands, and it does not end the cartel, though it may drive some of its operations farther underground. So long as Standard owns the patents and can look forward to resumption of relations with I. G. Farben, it has a stake in so controlling use of these patents during the war as to lay the basis for a profitable monopoly afterward. The first requirement is to keep the exploitation of the patents in the hands of companies allied with Standard Oil. This Jesse Jones is doing. The second requirement is to keep the most valuable patent of all in the background.

5. Under the 700,000-ton program as now planned by Jones, du Pont will make 50,000 tons of neoprene, a high-cost specialty synthetic rubber, Standard will make 60,000 tons of butyl, and the other big companies will make 540,000 tons of Buna-S. To make Buna-S, one must first manufacture butadiene from a gas by-product, butane. Badly needed critical metals must go into the making of the butadiene plants. The Germans themselves haven't learned how to make tires wholly of Buna-S, and its cost will run from 25 to 30 cents a pound.

6. Our best bet is not Buna-S but butyl. It will cost from 6½ to 7 cents a pound, but its cheapness is the least of its recommendations. Its real virtue is that it can be made directly from a common gas-refinery by-product, isobutylene, saving the time and the materials which must go into butadiene plants to produce Buna-S. Standard won't admit it yet publicly, but it has already made all-butyl tires which can run 10,000 miles at fifty-five miles an hour. If it can develop butyl quietly, "on the side," as it were, it can take out patents on the improvements, it can undersell Buna-S when the war is over, and it can control a synthetic rubber which can compete in price, perhaps also in quality, with natural rubber. This may slow up the war effort, but it will help Standard Oil.

7. Progressives should fight immediately for the bill introduced in Congress by Senator Murray of Montana and Representative Beiter of New York for government ownership *and operation* of 400,000 tons of synthetic-rubber production. The Buna-S program may prove a colossal and costly failure, and it would be better to cut down Buna-S, increase butyl production, and intensify research into it under government auspices. The Petroleum War Industry Council, a private body dominated by Standard Oil and the other major oil companies, is trying to head off the bill by a committee "to study the problem of butyl rubber." The membership of this committee is made up of leading members of the big companies, with a sprinkling of little fellows known to be under their thumb.

8. The Nazis developed Buna by pouring government funds into compulsory research. We must do the same. Private research is totally inadequate. Here is the testimony by Howard of Standard Oil about its research expenditures on butyl: "In 1937 we had four men on the job and we spent $20,000. In 1938 we had ten men on the job and we spent $48,300. In 1939 we had twenty-one men on the job and we spent $106,400. In 1940 we had forty-eight men on the job and we spent $322,000. In 1941 we had seventy-three men on the job and we spent $505,000." Five million dollars spent this year on research into butyl might solve our rubber problem.

9. If we are to free private enterprise in this field as in others we must have compulsory licensing of patents in peace time and full power to seize patents in war. The patent is the instrument with which international cartels have used the courts to prevent the democracies from using their own resources and their own brains in the national interest. The patent hearings which begin tomorrow before the Bone committee are of the utmost importance for the ending of the cartel cancer and the winning of the war.

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Can India Defend Itself?

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WITH the liquidation of American resistance on the Bataan Peninsula, Japan successfully completed the most difficult and costly of the mopping-up operations following its original conquests. The surrender of General Wainwright's forces should have occasioned neither surprise nor especial gloom among Americans. Surrounded by vastly superior forces, receiving no naval or air aid, without any but the most intermittent supplies, the American position in the Philippines was long privately admitted to be hopeless. After the rapid Japanese gains elsewhere destroyed all chance of rescue, only the amount of loss caused the enemy, not the length of time the defenders could hold out, remained of any tactical importance.

Largely owing to misleading press reports Americans have recently been building false hopes regarding possible campaigns from Australia. We are committed to the defense of Australia by every consideration of kinship, sympathy, and common ideals; further, we should prove able to defend at least its more valuable areas successfully. But success here will be at best a negative achievement, for despite carefully calculated propaganda to the contrary, northern Australia does not—and cannot for long months or probably years—afford adequate bases for anything more effective than commando raids or air attacks.

Japan's principal drive is directed against India, which offers greater economic and strategic rewards. Here is the closest and most adequate source of iron, of which Japan has an insufficient supply. And here success for Japan, either acting alone or in coordination with a German push to the Middle East, would do much to make the position of the Axis virtually unassailable. This campaign, however, must achieve quick results if it is not to encounter the severe weather hazard of the approaching monsoons.

India is by no means defenseless. The recent focusing of attention upon disputes regarding its future status has given the impression that the cooperation of all classes of its people is a prerequisite to defense. Such unity is valuable, but it is far from the most important military factor. Despite the non-cooperation policy which the All-India Congress pursued until the end of 1941, there has never been any difficulty in recruiting for the Indian army all the volunteers, and more, that it has been possible to equip.

Traditionally India's strongest defenses have been geographical. The Baluchistan deserts to the west, the Himalayas to the north, dense jungles and rugged terrain to the east offer serious though not impassable obstacles to a large-scale invasion. In southern India the continuous rugged chain of the Eastern and Western Ghats, standing slightly back of the coastal plains, bars any easy penetration into the interior. Other ranges lie between southern India and the Ganges Valley. Land communications between Burma and India are especially inadequate and tortuous. The very vastness of the country, coupled with the geographical obstacles and the enormous native population divided into widely differing groups, makes the complete conquest of India a task comparable to the conquest of China or Russia.

India, in fact, given native opposition to the enemy, should be somewhat easier to defend, for a very fair network of interior railroads enables a defending power to operate on shorter lines of communication and to concentrate troops in any sector with comparative rapidity. This should be an especially great advantage against Japanese forces operating at the end of increasingly long transport lines.

The military forces now stationed in India are reported to be large. On December 7 the Indian army was in process of being expanded from a million to a million and a half troops. Though not to be compared with an army such as the German, these troops are fairly well equipped and where they have been used in the present war, as in Ethiopia, have proved of good fighting quality. A weakness exists in the fact that the technical and highly skilled personnel is only 20 per cent native and hence is not easy to replace.

From the economic angle also India has certain points of strength. With a population of 389,000,000 its supply of man-power is a factor to be considered. It is self-sufficient in food and in most of the key metals, though the British policy of keeping it as a supplier of raw materials has not conduced to a healthy or sufficient development. In spite of the neglect of its vast iron and coal reserves, its steel production of 1,250,000 tons, 90 per cent earmarked for military use, is more than 20 per cent of Japan's pre-war manufacture of steel.

Unfortunately, the country has enough weak spots to be definitely vulnerable to attack. Save possibly in Ceylon there are no coast defenses worthy of the name, or were none until recently. The great ports of Bombay and Madras are 100 per cent exposed to naval bombardment; Calcutta is only less so. With the liquidation of Allied sea power in the Far East Japan has gained at

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least a temporary dominance in these waters. And naval supremacy implies ability to interrupt seriously or to stop the transport of vital supplies. For India remains dependent upon Great Britain and the United States for replenishment of machine tools, aircraft and tank engines, certain high-test grades of steel, and so on. Automotive and plane assembly plants are located in the interior but are of small capacity. The necessity of supplying these war needs places an immense burden upon the already overstrained transport lines of the United Nations.

Facing the enormous area of India, the Japanese are likely to strike at strategic points without making any attempt to digest all of the country until a later date. The most valuable region economically, because of the location of the Tata iron and steel works, is the Ganges Valley, especially the neighborhood of Calcutta. From bases in western Burma aerial harassment of some of this region is possible, but any effective occupation would probably require a major naval expedition since the mule trails leading from Burma to India would be insufficient for large bodies of even the light-traveling Japanese. Once Calcutta had been seized, a campaign up the Ganges Valley would offer a minimum of natural obstacles and the greatest gains. Ceylon, because of its strategic position at the crossroads of the Indian Ocean, is certain to be attacked in force, especially since the cocky Japanese suffered heavy casualties in their first aerial attacks, made with insufficient forces. If the Allies are able to hold Ceylon, effective Japanese penetration into the western Indian Ocean to interrupt convoys to the Near East will not be easy.

In the defense of India the United States, which has more vital interests elsewhere, cannot play the leading part. But we can and should so increase naval pressure in the Pacific that Japan will run enormous risks in transferring major units to the Indian Ocean. Such measures can afford important but probably not decisive aid. It may be poetically just but it is certainly not comforting that the main defense of India must rest with the power to whose mistaken policies are due both India's economic incapacity to fight and its lack of will to do so.

Russia Behind the Lines

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

THE German invasion of Russia stirred me perhaps more deeply than any other event since the war began. June 22! Exactly a year had passed since the evening when I landed at Falmouth on board the Madura, at the end of that melancholy voyage from Bordeaux. Since then I had lived through the Battle of Britain and through the grim nights but exhilarating days of the London blitz; but when we learned on June 22 that Russia had been invaded, it was clear that, for a time, at least, the center of the world war had shifted to the east. It also became apparent, almost at once, that there was going to be no walk-over for the Germans. Obviously, a successful, long, and extensive Russian resistance would enormously increase our chances to win the war quickly, and from what one heard, the mood of the Russian people for such a resistance was admirable.

I felt I had to go to Russia. I had spent my childhood and boyhood years in St. Petersburg; the Russian half of me was clamoring to "go home"—after twenty-four years. I had always kept up my Russian, especially during my years in Paris; I had continued to read Russian books and papers, and had followed as closely as possible the political events of the Soviet Union and whatever was new in Russian thought and literature. Not always with approval, but always with interest. To see Russia again—and in its hour of supreme national trial; how could such a chance be missed?

Moscow, Sunday, July 6, 1941

Funny things are happening about religion in Russia. Most of the churches I passed yesterday seemed to be used as warehouses, and there are no signs of much Sunday churchgoing. . . . But in the office yesterday I looked at the latest copy of the *Bezbozhnik,* the anti-God paper, and the whole of it was devoted to indignant denunciations of the Nazi persecutions of the Protestant and Catholic churches in Germany! There were several long articles on the subject. Clearly, Stalin is working for the greatest unity among the Russian people, and anti-religious propaganda is one of the things which has completely vanished since this war began. However, the *volte-face* of the *Bezbozhnik* is just a trifle blatant.

One of the Americans told me today about his recent interview with the Metropolitan of the New Church. He looked a sly old fox but talked very eloquently and, apparently, sincerely of the Russian fatherland, of Alexander Nevsky and Russia's great national tradition, and of the general acceptance of the Soviet regime. The man has a large income from the faithful, pays heavy taxes, lives in a luxurious flat, with "Professor So-and-So" written on the name-plate, and owns several admirable Murillos, of whose value he is perhaps unaware, for

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they are hung side by side with some trashy nudes of 1900 or so.

Thursday, July 10

I think it's highly indicative of a better disposition on the part of the Russians that they should have published my article on the London blitz without delay, and not just in some rag but prominently in *Izvestia.* I talked in it a lot about the spirit of the British people during the blitz. It is something that is almost new to the Russians, for during their "appeasement" period they paid us very few compliments in their press. Nor did the Russians fully realize the difference between Chamberlain's England and Churchill's England. The fact that I am allowed to explain all this in *Izvestia* is a very healthy sign. Cripps is much pleased about it.

People tell me that on June 22 many of the Russians believed that we had given leave to the Germans to attack Russia. This was absurd, and could only have arisen from a complete ignorance of Churchill England.

And yet, if they still distrust some of our people—which is quite different from distrusting the whole of England—one can hardly blame them.

Monday, July 28

What is it, I often wonder, that makes the Russians fight like this? They are defending something—their country, their regime, which, whatever one may say, are part of the same thing. There is no longer a dividing line between "Soviet" and "Russia." Even the old people have accepted it, have become reconciled to it, especially since it has become a national regime. And though it is ruthless in some ways, even the most critically minded feel that, at least potentially, it is a good regime, with the Stalin constitution as a basis for the future. The army's resistance is, of course, strengthened and supported by iron discipline. Timoshenko has the strongest views on that subject; but anyone who makes wisecracks —and I have heard some—to the effect that this war is "run by the GPU" is just a fool. A thousand problems will, of course, arise when Russia ranks among the victors over Germany—as the chief victor, or as England's equal. Perhaps, almost certainly, some of our Tories are already getting cold feet at the prospect. They will not carry much weight, but our Labor Party will get alarmed at the idea of the Communists cashing in. Not that Harry Pollitt and Willy Gallacher, leaders of the British Communist Party, deserve the slightest credit for Russian resistance and an eventual Russian victory. They don't know much more about Stalin and the Russian people than I do about the Fiji Islands.

Much depends on whether, after the war, the Comintern will be allowed to play any part in European affairs. It has seldom done Russia's national policy any good and often a lot of harm, notably in Germany and France, and has played into the hands of fascists and reactionaries. But the Comintern is one thing and Sovietism another. The post-war competition (and the ultimate choice for Poles, Czechs, and even Germans) may be not between capitalism and communism but between two forms of democracy—capitalist democracy and Soviet democracy, with a progressive application of the Stalin constitution. The social regimes of both England and Russia are going to evolve in the course of this war; they may become very similar in many respects, with Britain becoming more "socialist," in the wide sense of the word, and Russia adopting more and more of those democratic liberties which its people would welcome and which they will expect from a full peacetime application of the Stalin constitution. Perhaps the real difficulty will be America, which may for a long time persist in being stubbornly capitalist.

Wednesday, August 27

Moscow is taking an increasing interest in England and in the R. A. F. There is a new poster showing an R. A. F. man and a Soviet airman shaking hands over Berlin; English grammars are sold in the bookstalls; an exhibition of English books "from Chaucer to Shaw" has been opened in the West European Library; a new newsreel about British anti-aircraft defenses is showing in the cinemas; the Moscow Art Theater is playing "The School for Scandal"; and good prices are offered for English books by the second-hand bookshops.

Tuesday, September 2

Somebody told me that winter clothes would be scarce this year, and since I am probably going to be here a good part of the winter I decided to go on a shopping expedition, taking Misha with me as my guide. Shops in Moscow are very unattractive-looking just now, for all the windows are either sand-bagged or boarded up with rough planks. We went first to the Stoleshnikov Lane; Misha said it had the best shop for winter clothes. . . . The attendant said that their stocks were low just now but that they might get a consignment of reindeer coats from Archangel in a week or two; he was rather indefinite about it, and I thought I had better see what they had. The few reindeer coats they still had—pretty light-brown fur with a soft silky texture—unfortunately didn't fit me, and I was left with the choice between some second-hand long, padded cloth coats with fur collars, at about £30, and a fairly short jacket (a *polushubok*) made of some kind of white fur with a rather doubtful astrakhan collar. I tried it on; it looked rather like Father Christmas, but it fitted. What kind of fur was this? I asked. "Dog," the assistant said, "Siberian dog." Siberian or not, it smelled like any other dog. He assured me it was "the warmest fur in existence," and a bargain at 337 rubles—which worked out at about £7.

Monday, September 8

Miliutin was an old Leningrader and loved the city. He was a typical Russian intellectual and spoke the good old Leningrad Russian, without the Moscow singsong

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intonation. The man was so friendly that I ventured to touch on one of two sore subjects. . . .

"You've made mistakes," I said, "but in spite of it you have built up something which is magnificent. Soviet Russia is a great country. You've achieved that. I've been away for twenty-four years, and I know in my bones that this is still Russia—in many ways a better Russia, though in some respects a Russia that is less good. I'll talk to you quite frankly. I think if you had a satirist of genius like Saltykov, you wouldn't, like the czarist regime, allow him to write all sorts of scurrilous things about you. You'd simply lock him up in a concentration camp or shoot him."

"Yes, probably we should," said Miliutin. "But you've got to remember that, for the present, we can't afford the luxury of such freedom. In time all that will change, but not now; there are too many things to build up, too many things to do; anything that undermines the collective effort, the collective enthusiasm, is bad. But remember," he continued, "we've got the Stalin constitution, out of which a democratic Soviet Russia is going to evolve. It answers the aspirations of our people. Its application would be in full swing by now but for the present war and the menace of war that has hung over this country for years. And when I say democratic Soviet Russia, I mean democratic *Soviet* Russia, not a strict imitation of your parliamentary bourgeois democracy."

"What is going to be the position of the party?"

"Well, the Communist Party is the apparatus of national policy which will bring into full existence that Socialist democracy, that Soviet democracy—I mean democracy without private capitalism—which is Stalin's aim. There is no dividing line any more between the party and the nation; the two are becoming more and more parts of the same thing. And in this war you have seen how our people, who are easygoing in many ways, have had their discipline and morale constantly kept up to scratch by the party."

"Yes, I entirely agree. But the Comintern?"

"Well," said Miliutin, a little evasively, "we don't really see much of the Comintern these days, do we? And have you seen the last issue of the Comintern monthly?" I said I had, and that I couldn't help chuckling at the glowing tributes it was paying to the British people and the British government. "So you see," Miliutin laughed, "there isn't much to worry about." "Well," I said, "not at the moment. But you will admit that the British Communist Party pursued a pretty absurd and anti-national policy before June 22." And I quoted a few examples. "I dare say," said Miliutin. "But, frankly, I don't think anybody in this country is in the least interested in what the British Communist Party is doing. We never even hear about it these days."

"Do you mean to say you don't care whether the ban is lifted from the *Daily Worker* or not?"

"What's that?"

"You know, the Communist Party paper."

"Oh, I don't know about that. But I don't think anybody worries. No, the way I look at it is that the world is going to change a lot in the course of this war; that we are going to become increasingly democratic—though there will inevitably be a few years' reconstruction after all the damage the Germans have caused; and that you too will develop a new kind of democracy, which may be quite a big departure from the present capitalist democracy. But I don't think the Communist Party or the Comintern need worry you. . . ."

Wednesday, September 10

I spent the forenoon at one of the Russian artillery schools in the Krasnaya Presnya district of Moscow, where we were taken by our friend the pince-nez colonel. They looked such fine earnest fellows, all these young cadets with their closely cropped heads, as they attended their ballistics and higher math classes, and answered questions, and worked out angles and distances in front of a miniature battlefield inside a large glass case, with a voice behind the case registering "in," "out," or "hit." Many of these cadets were clearly of proletarian origin; one didn't feel, judging from the keenness with which they were working out difficult problems, that an intellectual pedigree was of any importance. We went through the clean but very Spartan-looking dormitories, with small iron bedsteads and thin mattresses; we looked at the menu in the refectory; the menu for the four daily meals seemed very adequate, and it also showed the number of calories contained in the dishes—a daily average of 3,538 calories for cadets and of 3,200 for soldiers. This does not include the bread, which is unrestricted. Impressive display of red and black charts and maps of important battles like Ismail, Borodino, and Perekop in the library. This also had its Lenin corner. The corridors of the school were decorated with pictures of famous Russian artillery experts of the past—in czarist uniforms. There were also numerous pictures of Stalin and Timoshenko. . . .

London, December 22, Looking Back—and Forward

Russia has made more sacrifices in its fight against Hitler than any other nation. It has sacrificed not only the lives of countless soldiers; in its determination to defeat Germany it has sacrificed the lives of many civilians. The "scorched-earth" policy that Stalin proclaimed in his speech of July 3 is a ruthlessly heroic policy. It has meant not only the destruction of things like the Dnieper Dam, the fruit of ten years of concentrated labor and one of the proudest achievements of present-day Russia; it has also meant the destruction, as far as possible, of the existing crops and food reserves and fuel dumps, lest they fall into the enemy's hands. The population left behind is consequently condemned to months, possibly years, of hardship and even famine.

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It was a bitter sacrifice which the Russian government found it necessary to make. No doubt hidden stores in the villages will keep most of the rural population alive until the hour of liberation, but in the German-controlled towns the situation is tragic. The Russian government, taking a long view of the war, also took the ruthless measure of preventing the Ukraine from growing food next year, and so strengthening Germany's war capacity, by removing the tractors from the Ukraine. Many a time I saw hundreds of them travel down the streets of Moscow. By reverting to primitive methods of cultivation the Ukrainian peasants may be able to grow just enough to keep themselves alive; and they will probably not be unduly disturbed by the German troops, who prefer not to depart from the well-guarded main roads of occupied Russia. But in any case, even if they had the tractors, the Germans could scarcely afford to spend any of their precious petrol on Ukrainian agriculture.

Russia's policy of sacrifices was described by the Germans as "devilish." They have to bring almost everything from their distant bases to keep their armies alive. How unlike France, where the newly arrived German tanks could refill at any village petrol pump, and where the soldiers could gorge themselves on French food! But this policy also has its terrible repercussions on the local population which has remained behind.

And what fearful sacrifices are yet in store in 1942?

Return of a Native

BY JOHN T. WHITAKER

TO WIN this war we must take the measure of ourselves as a people and the measure of our foes. How good are we? How good are they? For in this struggle, as Mussolini has said, it is "we or they." Some sentimentalists may still imagine that in modern times "nobody wins a war"; but they should know by now that the Czechs, the Poles, the French, and others have learned that you can lose a war.

Coming back to this country after ten years abroad—many of them spent in Berlin and Rome—I was struck most forcefully by the optimism and comfortable complacency of the American people. Apparently learning nothing from the fall of France or from Dunkirk, we have carried our complacency, like a priceless piece of bric-a-brac, through the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the burning of the Normandie, and the loss of Singapore and the East Indies.

Did the Japanese, the Italians, and the Germans make war on us because they thought we could beat them? Of course not. Counting most of all on our over-confidence and complacency, each of the Axis partners feels sure of ultimate victory. It was neither in the language nor in the spirit of hara-kiri that Major General Kenryo Sato, addressing a committee of the Japanese Diet, said that the fall of Gibraltar, Suez, India, and Australia was "only a matter of time." In both diplomacy and military strategy, he added, the Anglo-American camp "has been the victim of gross miscalculation, the like of which has seldom been witnessed."

Even the Italian leaders believe that America's military effort will be contemptible. Before I was expelled from Rome one of Mussolini's confident lieutenants said to me: "You Americans like your luxuries too much. You are incapable of the sacrifices and discipline required to wage a modern war. When the Axis rules America, I personally will see that you are in a concentration camp." Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister, was no less explicit. When I said to him, "Time is on the side of the democracies," he shot back, "Yes, time is on your side—if there is time enough!"

German military men told me they felt sure that in this war they had too big a jump on us for us to catch up. This spring we have two million men under arms; the Germans have nine million, a proper percentage of them seasoned veterans, with more being called up regularly. The German General Staff believes, moreover, that American industry has been laggard and that Germany has been producing more arms than America and Great Britain combined. The only arms factories not operating in the occupied countries of Europe are those which fail to measure up to German standards of efficiency. France alone has supplied to Germany more than America has sent to Great Britain—according to an estimate given me by three German sources and confirmed by William L. Batt of our War Production Board. The Germans, basing their calculations upon espionage reports, see no danger from American arms production before the end of 1943.

German officers with whom I talked before Pearl Harbor believe that for the next two years America will not have the trained armored divisions or the preponderance in arms or the merchant shipping necessary to mass military superiority against the Axis on any front. In that period they think that Germany can drive through southern Russia and effect a junction with the

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Japanese in India—so fabulous in its resources. Aided by Italian man-power they expect to conquer Suez, Gibraltar, Morocco, and the west coast of Africa. From there they hope to gain footholds in South America that will enable them to close the Panama Canal and bomb American factories.

Behind all these dreams of conquest is the conviction —which should be insulting to Americans—that once the going becomes really rough, or if Britain is successfully invaded, America will have no stomach for war. And if America fails to capitulate, the Nazis say, Germany will be secure against attack while it outbuilds American naval power in preparation for invasion. With the resources of the Dutch Indies, India, the Middle East, and Africa, the Axis, they argue, will be vastly richer than the Anglo-Americans in raw materials, and can settle down at its leisure to the building of a huge invasion fleet, while American morale deteriorates under the necessity of sacrifices.

I have ground my teeth in futile rage many times as these plans have been patiently propounded by German and Italian Cabinet ministers, generals, and secret-police agents. I thought then, and I think now, that they were wrong in writing us off as nothing but wrangling materialists, divided by racial differences and class greed, rendered impotent by comforts. None of the German officers foresaw the selflessness and heroism American boys would show in "the foxholes of Bataan." "Americans lack the military tradition," they used to say. We've got to prove them wrong.

If German calculations and hopes fail, it will be largely because of a 100 per cent effort by the American people—by industry and labor, by the farmer and the white-collar worker. Can America pull out of its lethargy? Can the American people as a whole give up their complacency and come up fighting? Or will they be led by fifth columnists and traitors into defeatism? The German-controlled Axis is a redoubtable and resourceful foe. How good are we? How good must we be? The Germans think we have got to be a lot better than we are on our record.

Our complacency appears to be rooted in three fallacies of judgment shared from coast to coast—fallacies which bewilder an observer familiar with Berlin and Rome, London and Moscow. The American public (1) underestimates very seriously indeed the eight years' head start in militarization which enables Germany to keep the initiative; (2) blinks at the essential and fundamental weakness of Great Britain since the collapse of France; and (3) in sheer delight at German reverses in Russia exaggerates Russian successes beyond all reason. To these three major fallacies might be added the comforting notion that occupied Europe will rise almost any day now in revolt, an idea held by those who forget that the most courageous man, if denied arms and hope alike, falls silent before the chattering eloquence of the machine-gun.

In 1935 Germany was spending five times as much on arms as Great Britain and more than twice as much as Britain and France combined. By 1938 Germany was spending £1,470,000,000 on arms annually as against a British expenditure of only £391,000,000. With this lead in arms production, Germany has been able to concentrate a superiority of guns, tanks, and planes against its enemies at any given moment on any given front. And Germany will not lose this advantage until American superiority in aircraft design and production smashes German factories and communications, or until American expeditionary forces over-extend and exhaust the German military machine.

In recent months Americans have frequently demanded, "Why doesn't Britain invade the Continent?" Starting its rearmament eight years late, Britain has never had the arms or the men to take the offensive. That it has been able to maintain several fronts and to prevent its own invasion is a miracle. The fall of France lost Britain the use of vital naval and air bases and gave them to the enemy. Consequently, to send a shell or drop a bomb against the Germans anywhere has called forth roughly three times the effort in money, material, and men required by a similar German blow. The discrepancy has been balanced somewhat by sea power, which still outstays its critics, by the superior training and personnel of the R. A. F., together with quality aircraft engineering, and finally by the sheer dogged heroism of a people which "never knows" as the Berlin radio sneered, "when it is beaten." But the desperate military predicament of Britain has been registered in the crushing defeats at Dunkirk, Greece, Crete, Hongkong, and Singapore. There was only one reason for these—want of man-power and equipment. As Americans at war we play into the hands of Germany if we blink the difficulties which our ally still faces and take comfort from, without giving meaning to, the words, "There'll always be an England."

It is true that the German time-table in Russia went all wrong. The Germans knew that Stalin's purges and his brutal denial of consumers' goods to the people had made his popularity a hollow thing. They were confident that Russian morale would crack under sledge-hammer blows from the panzers and the stukas. But they forgot that nationalism is a greater force in modern Russia than communism. They forgot that when the foreigner treads on Russian soil, all Russians cry out in anguish.

For millions of Americans the thrill of headlines which proclaimed the defeat of Hitler's troops was too much. It made us light-headed. The German armies have suffered defeats and retreated, but in no instance have they been routed. Americans must not underestimate the dangers of a renewed German offensive.

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It is no service to our Russian ally to exaggerate his prowess or to forget his need of American aid. The Russian has not yet proved that in weather conditions favorable to the Germans he can meet the panzer divisions and best them.

What Stalin will be able and willing to do from Vladivostok to aid us against Japan will depend upon our own actions. It will depend upon our national unity, the rhythm of our production of tanks and aircraft, the capacity of our merchant tonnage to take these arms to Russia or wherever else they are needed.

As a people we are still displaying a peace-time rather than a war-time psychology, studying the communiqués from the war fronts as if we were spectators. It is time we realized that we cannot win this war on potentialities alone, that to win will require the active effort of every citizen. It is time we stopped political bickering about fan dancers, whispering campaigns against American minorities, and cowardly sniping at our allies. It is time we showed our enemies that they were wrong, dead wrong, in thinking us incapable of unity and sacrifice, a lesser breed of men than our forefathers. For in this most titantic of all wars we or they survive. And the sands are running out.

New Phase in China

BY GILBERT BAKER

Kunming, February

SINCE the fall of Hongkong, China can only look west, and with Burma threatened, Chinese engineers and strategists are already looking for new ways and means of direct contact with India. A road branches off the Burma highway to Sikang Province on the borders of Tibet, but it will be a long time before there is anything faster than mule transport from there to Assam or Bengal. Airplane service between Chungking, Kunming, and Calcutta began in January, and at Calcutta it connects with a direct service to America.

The Japanese have been too busy to pay much attention to Kunming. Last winter raids and alarms were frequent, but the city has had only one bombing since last August, and that was on the day that the American Volunteer Group of airmen arrived. When the Japanese tried to repeat the attack a few days later, they lost nine out of ten planes; since then the American pilots have scored their remarkable successes in China and Indo-China, as well as in Burma and Thailand. The Chinese government made thorough, almost lavish, preparations for the volunteers. Chinese university students were enlisted as interpreters, and the best modern accommodations were provided; each man has a room of his own, and a fleet of automobiles is always at their disposal. Though this scale of living is in marked contrast with that of the Chinese soldier, there is no doubt that people here think "our airmen"—they wear Chinese uniform—more than worth their salt. It certainly gives a sense of security which few people have ever had in China to see these fast fighters go up whenever there is an alarm.

Troop movements have been heavy during the last few months in the direction of Indo-China and Burma, and the danger that the provincial authorities would be unwilling to allow China's central government to move troops into Yunnan is now forgotten. The "A. B. C." alliance has, in fact, greatly magnified the problem of cooperation, and what now has to be settled is the way in which Chinese forces are to fight alongside their British and Indian comrades in Burma. On this side of the border, too, the Chinese have become acquainted with British army uniforms, for some parties of specialist troops have been passing through on their way to the Chinese fronts, where it is believed they can both learn from the Chinese soldier and teach him new ways of fighting.

Claire Chennault
Commander of the A. V. G.

These personal contacts between the fighting forces of the three countries will be a valuable test of the reality of the democracy which they are defending. The American aviator and the British Tommy are not given to any sentimental enthusiasm for China as such, and China's war effort will be judged by them strictly on the results they notice. China's soldiers will in turn judge American and British strength according to results and not prestige; American and British reverses in the Orient have made many Chinese here pat themselves on the back for their four and a half years of resistance to Japan.

The British naval party which escaped from Hongkong brought high praise for the Chinese guerrillas in Kwangtung Province. I met some of the party here on

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their way down the Burma road after a month in the interior—ragged and bearded, some of them wearing Chinese soldiers' padded coats, rather short in the sleeve but still very serviceable for winter nights. Both men and officers were enthusiastic about the way the guerrillas had met them on the shore according to a prearranged plan and steered them through the Japanese lines—a party of more than sixty—without their ever seeing a Japanese soldier. The guerrillas of one district passed them on to those of the next until they reached Ku-kiang, the capital of Kwangtung. The British sailors only regretted that Admiral Chan Chak, the one-legged veteran who had organized the escape, had not been empowered to deal more drastically with fifth columnists in the colony during the siege. It seems that sniping in the streets of Hongkong began as soon as the Japanese approached the borders of the colony and long before they landed on the island; it is believed that a certain dam was mined even before war was declared. From the bodies of dead Japanese soldiers it was discovered that each one possessed a map marked with every defense position the British had prepared. Hongkong probably would have fallen without such treachery, but the British sailors believed that the Chinese attack on the Japanese rear might have saved the city if they could have held out two weeks longer, *and* if the defenders had not been completely without planes.

Hundreds of people here have relatives and friends in Hongkong, and its loss, together with events in Malaya and the Philippines, have set people wondering with a vague uneasiness whether America and Britain mean business, or as much business in the East as they do in Europe. This may account for the restlessness and recklessness of economic and social life here, which may in turn excuse the foreign observer for wondering how much the Chinese middle class really means business in this war—unless such business yields an immediate and handsome profit. Prices are soaring to the extent, almost, of open inflation. The Chinese dollar is quoted at 30 to 40 to the United States dollar, although it is officially pegged at 18 to 19. Since the cost of living is based on the first, or black-market, rate, foreigners receiving salaries from America which have to be changed at the official rate are losing approximately half their income in terms of purchasing power. A class of "new rich" has appeared—tough-looking truck drivers with leopard-skin collars on their coats, who sell their smuggled cans of coffee, patent medicine, and cosmetics to little "trading companies" which spring up like mushrooms and sell anything they can get hold of at excessively high prices. There seem to be plenty of people who can afford to buy; Kunming streets are full of expensive American automobiles. There is no adequate taxation of wealth, no effort to prevent profiteering, and no control of gasoline consumption. The Chinese have done marvelous things in this war, but the appearance of this city is certainly not that of a population engaged in a war of total resistance. It is probable that the free spending and speculative trading are due to the general feeling that the currency is worthless. It has been suggested that the Chinese dollar will be withdrawn and a new currency started on a par with American gold. The ideas on this subject attributed to Sumner Welles at the Pan-American Conference have been discussed with great interest here.

This is not the whole picture, for behind the immigrant and prosperous bourgeoisie are the sturdy, independent peasant people of Yunnan itself. But they are also floating on the economic tide which for the moment leads on to fortune, and they are losing no opportunity to make money; prices, for instance, are always higher for "foreigners"—which includes Chinese from other places—than for local people. The only persons who really suffer are the salaried workers, teachers, university professors, and the like. Rice allowances and family allowances are made for this class, but even so it is hard for them to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

All these things make thoughtful Chinese anxious about the future of their country. Can the democratic forces in China stand the strain? Cooperative workers, for example, know that in many parts of China their colleagues have been imprisoned by fascist elements. Students in Kunming started a demonstration against the Finance Minister; it was quickly suppressed but it revealed the discontent of young people at the way the finances of the government are being handled. Many who have watched the wastage of trucks and cargo on the Burma road through carelessness, or have heard of the continued thefts of government property—for instance, the American Volunteer Group has lost a good deal of important equipment—or have seen ambulances donated by the American Red Cross or such bodies as the Scottish Rite Masons of Oklahoma being used by other than medical units far away from any battlefield may wonder whether the money sent from America is being well spent. A group of young English conscientious objectors in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, financed from the United States, is doing good work on the road battling with these problems, but they are finding, as their colleagues in the Chinese Red Cross have found, how hard it is to bring medical care to those who need it most—the soldiers at the front.

These reflections should not blind us to the magnificent fight which China has put up in the last four and a half years, or to the steady planning for the future which may be seen in the construction of factories, schools, research institutes, and universities in the interior. In view of the recent Japanese successes, more credit should be given to the resisting power of the Chinese soldier. But it is becoming clear to us all, as it

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has been to the Chinese for some time, that continued resistance depends on breaking Japanese sea power, that the Battle of China must be won by China's allies on the Pacific. The Chinese will play their part, and they will play it better if their democratic allies keep steady pressure on Chungking to give free expression to the real source of Chinese strength—the Chinese people.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Our Not So Precious Metals

AMONG their resources the United Nations can include at least 90 per cent of the world's stock of gold and not far short of 100 per cent of the known unmined gold reserves. For purposes of waging war, however, this wealth is no help at all. On the contrary, it may prove very much of a hindrance, for gold-mining absorbs labor and materials which could be employed to far better purposes in extracting metals that are not so valuable but are very much more useful.

To some extent silver-mining may also be considered uneconomic under present conditions, but it is less open to attack since silver has a far wider range of industrial applications than has gold. Were it rather less precious than it is we could use a great deal more of it at the present time. The difficulty is that the artificially high price of domestic silver repels all customers except the unfortunate taxpayer, who, thanks to the Western bloc in Congress, is forced to accept it at 71.1 cents per ounce. This is just about double the market price at which current supplies of foreign silver are being fully absorbed by industry and the arts.

Silver has many of the physical properties of copper and some of those of tin—both metals now in acutely short supply. Because of its high electrical conductivity and resistance to corrosion it can be used as a substitute for copper in electrical contacts and even for wiring appliances and small motors. Silver can also replace tin in the making of solder, which used to account for about 16 per cent of the new tin consumed annually. According to an OPM statement issued July 10, 1941, "66,000,000 ounces of silver annually should be sufficient for 'all-out' replacement of tin in solder. Forty to fifty pounds of tin may be replaced by two and one-half to five pounds of silver, and at present prices for tin and industrial silver the raw-material cost of 2½ per cent silver solder is practically identical with that of an equal volume of solder composed of 45 per cent tin and 55 per cent lead."

Now that the Japanese have captured the world's major sources of tin we have to husband our stocks of that metal with miserly care, and there should be cause for rejoicing in the fact that our annual production of silver—70,000,000 ounces in 1941—is sufficient to save 16 per cent of our annual consumption of tin. The catch, as I have noted above, is that the Treasury must buy all this silver at a price which prohibits its use for solder. Worse still, the vast stocks of silver held by the Treasury, totaling 3,280,000,000 ounces on December 31 last, or enough to supply us with solder for forty-seven years, are condemned to sterility.

The Treasury is forbidden by law to sell any of this silver at less than the statutory price at which it can be monetized—$1.29 per ounce. All that can be done with it, therefore, is to pile it in the vaults and issue silver certificates against it, thus adding to excess bank reserves, which are already excessive. Fortunately a considerable fraction of the Treasury holdings has not yet been monetized, making possible an ingenious scheme for conscripting it for war purposes. Arrangements have been made for renting out 960,000,000 ounces, or 40,000 tons, of silver for use as "busbars"—the main conductors in the electrolytic reduction of aluminum and magnesium ores. Employed in this way the metal is 100 per cent recoverable and after the war can be replaced by copper. Thus the Treasury can retain title to its silver and keep within the law. Obviously, however, it cannot release silver for such purposes as solder manufacture, where ultimate recovery is not possible.

Since the industrial use of gold is limited and we already have a great deal more than we need for monetary purposes, and since the price of domestic silver bars it as a substitute metal, gold and silver mines must be regarded as contributing nothing to the war effort. If we were really organized for total war we would close them down except in cases where the production of precious metals was ancillary to the production of essential metals. The War Production Board has, however, adopted a much milder measure. Recently it has amended a priority order which gave all mines an A-1 rating for all necessary repair materials so as to reduce to a lower classification companies whose production is more than 30 per cent gold or silver. Such mines will now have to file a special request every time they need some restricted material or equipment.

This action has been assailed by Western mine operators with a violence which would be funny did it not indicate a dangerous ignorance of our urgent war-time necessities and a reckless determination to stick to business as usual. At a large meeting of gold- and silver-mine operators held at Denver on March 12, Senator McCarran of Nevada charged that the priority order was "a grave threat to the gold- and silver-mining industry, if not to the entire economic system of the country," that it was "probably in line with the communistic thinking of some of our Administration leaders in Washington," and that it was part of a plan to circumvent silver legisla-

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tion by shutting down every silver mine in the country. Commenting on the same meeting, the *Mining and Industrial News* of San Francisco declared: "Officials of the WPB . . . need to be impressed with the importance of gold and silver in the present and future conduct of the war. Without more of these metals neither the war nor peace can be won. England understands the importance of monetary metals under present and future conditions, and because England understands she is pushing gold production to the greatest possible limit in South Africa."

The first half of this statement is unadulterated nonsense. The only possible use we could have for gold during the war would be for shipment to South America should our imports from that continent exceed our exports. But our enormous reserves would be barely touched by any foreseeable demand of that kind. As for silver, domestic production could, as we have seen, be profitably employed in industry if the silver interests were willing to accept the unsubsidized market price. Let them agree to a repeal of the Silver Act and then they can claim priority for necessary equipment with some grace.

The reference to South Africa in the editorial quoted is a reminder of the international ramifications of this question. In a recent letter to the WPB the Mining Association of Montana asked:

> 1. In the event that our gold and silver mines are presently compelled to close down, will the United States Treasury still continue to pay $35 an ounce for gold produced in the British Commonwealth, especially in Canada?
>
> 2. Are the British maintaining gold and silver production in Canada and in South Africa while the United States' gold and silver mines are facing shutdown, and are we under Lend-Lease providing machinery and supplies for this, or permitting them to do so, which is much the same thing?

For the British Empire gold still has importance in relation to the war effort in so far as it is a means of payment for purchases in this country that are not covered by the Lend-Lease Act and for an excess of imports from Latin America. In Australia, however, the gold-mining industry is being fairly rapidly closed down, since in the present emergency neither labor nor materials can be spared for it. But in Canada and South Africa it is going full blast, and it is natural enough for our mining operators to raise the question of equal treatment. So far as Canada is concerned, it should not be impossible to arrange that its gold mines be gradually closed down provided that special steps were taken to enable it to meet its bills in this country. The labor that would be displaced could easily be absorbed by base-metal mines and war industries. South Africa, however, is a different proposition, for it is a country whose whole economic life is built around the huge mines strung along the Witwatersrand Reef. Their closure would bankrupt the government, which draws a large part of its revenue from the mines, put half the population out of work, and precipitate a political crisis with dangerous consequences for the United Nations as a whole. The question of South Africa's gold in relation to the war deserves more than summary treatment, and I shall return to it in my next article.

In the Wind

SHORT-WAVE BROADCASTS to Europe have now become so numerous that often two stations are sending talks to the same country at the same time. Since listening to American broadcasts involves heavy risks in fascist and occupied countries, it has been suggested that the radio companies cooperate on time schedules. One proposal was that every broadcast give the time and wave length of other programs for its group of listeners. A major network vetoed the idea because of a standing policy never to mention its competitors.

FIRST-AID CLASSES for Negroes are now being held in the Imperial Palace of the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta. "We are glad to do anything we can for this country," said James Arnold Colescott, Imperial Wizard.

A UNITED PRESS story on April 6 told of the State Department's negotiations with Vichy for the purchase of some sugar stocks in French West Indian possessions. "State Department officials," ran the report as published in the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, *State Times*, "said the negotiations have a threefold purpose: (1) to supplement depleted stocks in this country; (2) to ease the severe economic plight of the people in those islands; and (3) *to demonstrate further collaboration with the Axis.*"

A PUBLICATION of the Spanish Library of Information, Franco's propaganda bureau, which still functions here, announces that expenditures by Phalangist organizations were 46 per cent greater in 1941 than in 1940.

FROM a New York *Times* dispatch from India on the recent negotiations: "On leaving the meeting, Mr. Azad [president of the Congress] is reported to have made what is regarded as an optimistic reflection: 'At this stage it is better not to speculate too much because one can say neither yes nor no.' "

AN ARTICLE on American Foxhunting in *Country Life* tells why that sport should be continued in war time. It should go on, the article says, "not merely for the purpose of maintaining civilian morale today, but even more as a measure of fair dealing with generations to come. . . ."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Hitler's Latin American Front

THE NAZI UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Hugo Fernández Artucio. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

TO THIS reviewer, who knows South America only from the books of men like John Gunther, Carleton Beals, and Hubert Herring but who has had some first-hand acquaintance with Hitler's technique of conquest, this is a revealing book. It is also a frightening book, for Professor Artucio, one of the purest and bravest democrats in South America and a Nazi-hater of the highest order, confirms as fact much of what in Berlin we used to think was merely the inflated boasting of the brown-shirted world conquerors.

The real architects of Nazi strategy for the conquest of South America—such as Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, boss of the Foreign Organization of the Nazi Party, and General Faupel, Hitler's able expert on Latin America (Artucio reminds us that Faupel was once a professor in the Argentine Military Academy and later technical adviser to the Brazilian and Peruvian armies)—were much too clever ever to reveal their designs. But the lesser Nazi fry who worked under them occasionally did. They used to tell us that they could take South America any time they wished. They said they had the organization, the men, and the arms. Most of us correspondents, I confess, dismissed such talk as drivel. But here comes a young man who probably has done more than any other South American to expose the Nazi designs on Latin America to warn us that such talk was not drivel at all. He presents an avalanche of evidence to show that Hitler already is waging an undeclared war in South America, and that this war is being conducted with fearful efficiency.

Professor Artucio is not hysterical about it. He frankly admits that Hitler is not the only villain of the piece. The social, economic, psychological, and moral state of South America provides, he concedes, fertile soil for Hitler's barbarian doctrines. "Democracy in Latin America," he laments, "has not been very deep-rooted or very sincere," and he fairly scorches the machinations of the unprincipled *criollo* politicians and their "unbridled tyrannies," which have made it so easy for the Nazis to prepare for *der Tag*. The mere liquidation of the Hitler movement in South America, he acknowledges, will not solve the great problems facing the southern continent. However, in this book he confines himself to exposing that movement and pointing out its dangers.

The extent of the Nazi *Bewegung* in South America as outlined by Artucio will shock many American readers. The 900,000 Germans in Brazil were organized as tightly and as ruthlessly by the Nazis as in any *Gau* in Germany. Fortunately, since the publication of this book Brazil has broken off relations with the Axis, and several hundred of the top Nazi agents have been arrested. Artucio gives a first-hand account of the Nazi plot organized by Arnulf Fuhrmann to seize Uruguay and convert it into an agricultural colony of the Third Reich. It was nipped in the bud on June 19, 1940, by energetic action on the part of the government, which seems to have been encouraged by the timely arrival of two American cruisers in Montevideo harbor on a "good-will" mission. But it took almost superhuman efforts by the author—he broadcast every day for six months on the subject—and a handful of his colleagues to awaken the Uruguayan government to what was up.

It is, however, in Argentina and Chile, and especially in that vast wilderness which comprises the southern part of those two countries, that Artucio believes the Nazi threat is the most dangerous. Buenos Aires, he says, is today the general headquarters of the Nazi High Command for South America. In the Argentine capital alone the German Nazi Party has 30,000 members and 400 regular meeting places. A Congressional investigating committee found that in eleven months in 1940 the German embassy in Buenos Aires distributed in Argentina 1,245,313 pieces of mail weighing 56,765 pounds. From January 1 to August 14, 1941, the figure was 1,305,656 pieces of mail weighing 58,231 pounds. It was all Nazi propaganda. In fact, Artucio finds that throughout Latin America it is from the German embassies, legations, and consulates that the Nazi schemes are hatched, organized, and directed.

One gathers from this book that few people even in South America know anything about the wild and sparsely populated area in southern Argentina—twice as large as pre-Munich Germany—known as Patagonia. Barely 200,000 people inhabit this immense and fabulously wealthy region, and half of them are foreigners. And it is here and in neighboring southern Chile, the author tells us—it will be news to many *norteamericanos*—that Hitler plans one of his most ambitious projects, a totalitarian United States of the South. Already a Nazi-inspired separatist movement in the region has made progress.

But if the Nazi threat is greatest there, Artucio does not offer much comfort when he looks into Chile proper, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. In each of these countries the Hitlerites are well organized—the author gives you the names of the *Landeskriesleiter*, the *Ortsgruppenleiter*, and so on—and usually they control the press and radio. In Colombia, the most cultured of the South American republics, the activities of the Nazis were concentrated on a military plan to attack the Panama Canal. Countless airfields for German bombers were laid out by German commercial aviation companies. One of the small lines, Arco, was discovered to have constructed since the beginning of the war no fewer than twenty-six landing fields in Colombia within easy bombing range of the canal. The German companies have now been forced out of business by the Colombian government. But Artucio still feels that Colombia could be more alert.

If the author of this book continues his good work, perhaps many others, including the governments of Argentina, Chile, and Peru will really wake up to the little fact that if you open your door to Hitler he will take over your house.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER

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After October

THE NEW DAY. By Jules Romains. ("Men of Good Will," Vol. X, Book XIX, Promise of Dawn; Book XX, The World Is Your Adventure.) Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE year 1922: post-war disillusionment and nervous fatigue; a Thermidorian period; an enfeebled organism seeking recuperation through feverish pleasure. The past is tragic, the future impenetrable, the present futile. In that sultry murk there rises a gleam in the east. Not a clear light, not the certain promise of dawn: it may be a brief conflagration that will leave the night more hopelessly dark; it may be the final angry twilight of our world; but it may also be the new day. All faces, even those that are wilfully averted, are illumined by that strange glow—profiteers, politicians, journalists, teachers, and those craftsmen of the old school who are still devoted to honest work and the ideals of Michelet. Throughout Book XIX in the "Men of Good Will" cycle the Russian Revolution is the distant invisible protagonist. In this, at any rate, Jules Romains has achieved his purpose: to give us the epic of European civilization through the lives of average men.

In Book XX Jallez and his jolly colleague, the English journalist Bartlett, go to Russia. What they find is not the magic glow of hope but an atmosphere of distress and oppressive anguish. Remember the date: the formidable effort of the civil war is over, the joyous work of reconstruction has not begun. Russia, still an Ishmael among the nations, is utterly ruined, and devastated by famine. No wonder the air is heavy with intolerable misery, with sullen universal distrust. Jallez compares the achievements of the czars, who made Odessa an imperial city of noble vistas and palaces, with the squalor of the new regime. He sees nothing beyond this discouraging hour. We know Jallez by this time; he is the pretentious bourgeois intellectual, proud of his neat style, his elegant clothes, his good manners. He has just been enjoying an *adultère de luxe* in the congenial setting of the Riviera, scrupulously in accord with the Paul Bourget-Allory tradition. He is ripe for *Le Figaro, "journal des élites."* Jerphanion, the sturdier twin, also goes to Russia, as the secretary of Bouitton, a fat, kindly, open-minded statesman who closely resembles Edouard Herriot. Jules Romains is too honest a historian to give them the opinions they probably held ten years later. At any rate, they seek to understand.

The tenth volume is well up to the average of this interminable chronicle. It lacks the undeniable greatness of "Verdun"; it rises far above the insipid sophistications of "Aftermath." Everything that Jules Romains writes can be read with self-respecting pleasure; his unfailing competence makes him an eminently safe writer. But "the promise of the dawn" that we once hailed so eagerly, the hope that, with a fresh technique, there might be revealed to us a new Titan, a Balzac, a Tolstoy, even a Zola—that elusive gleam has faded long ago. In style and thought this immensely elongated creature is decidedly pedestrian. A few times we had a revival of faith: "At last, it is about to grow wings, and soar"; but it only acquired another pair of legs.

Even in these tragic times I could still appreciate a tale of ardent physical passion, but I have no stomach for tepid sensuality. I am not in the least interested in the fact that the blameless Clanricard was duly cuckolded by Laulerque, or that Elizabeth met Jallez at the Yorkshire Bar. I could forgive all these characters for being so mediocre if only they were alive, even as modestly alive as the heroes of Duhamel or those of old Romain Rolland. It would be cruel to evoke Marcel Proust; but the longer I drift with "Men of Good Will," the better I appreciate "Jean-Christophe."

The persistent admirers of Jules Romains defend his amorphous technique on the plea that "life is like that." No, it only seems like that to those who lack organizing power. We are tired of muddling through somehow, in literature as well as in politics. It is a dangerous fallacy that art should yield to confusion in an age of confusion—a fallacy shared in various degrees by men as different, and as great, as Whitman, T. S. Eliot, and Thomas Wolfe. The nature of art is to conquer confusion; in the very act of depicting, it defines. If I want confusion undefiled, my daily newspaper is at hand.

ALBERT GUERARD

Roots of the Conflict

THE MAKING OF TOMORROW. By Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE title of this profound book is not altogether apt, for the book is weakest when dealing with "tomorrow." In estimating future prospects the author's critical intelligence betrays him into a skepticism that is unable to sustain his faith in any of the visions of a better world in which he would like to believe. It is most valuable in its searching analysis of the historical roots and the present problems of the world catastrophe.

Roussy de Sales, a French journalist resident in America since 1925, is a passionate devotee of the democratic cause and a profound student of contemporary history. He sees the conflict between democracy and tyranny against the background of the conflicting forces of nationalism and collectivism, and traces the complications which they introduce into the struggle. He rightly regards the tendency toward collectivism as inevitable in a technical society; but he is as critical of the abstract collectivism and universalism of Marxism as of the vain effort of the capitalists to preserve "free enterprise" against the logic of history. He is certain that the potency of nationalism in our period has refuted the Marxist slogan "Workers of the world unite," that the Socialists really lost faith in the slogan before the First World War, and that Stalin's national policy leaves Communist internationalism in a sorry predicament. The capitalists, on the other hand, are frequently tempted by their fear of the extension of collectivist principles through the pressure of war to betray the democratic cause. This betrayal could be made plausible, for "since the present world conflict is taking place in several dimensions it is always possible for a particular group to justify betrayal by stepping from one dimension into another." The similarity between the policies of the Chamberlains of Britain, the Daladiers of France, and the Roosevelt-haters of this country is convincingly portrayed. De Sales thinks that the Nazi strategy of harnessing technological knowledge, industrial plant, and

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labor to maximum capacity is vitiated only by its purpose of destruction. It was bound to win over conservatives and radicals who fought each other and the Nazis "without realizing that they had nothing but antiquated weapons to fight with."

One might raise the question whether the problem of collectivism and democracy is not more difficult than this analysis suggests. Nazi collectivism, and Russian collectivism for that matter, has more serious defects than merely the destructive purposes of the former. However erroneous the identification of democracy with "free enterprise," and however pathetic the temptation of the proponents of free enterprise to betray democracy, the problem of maintaining essential freedom in a state powerful enough to bring the economic process under its control remains a vexing one.

The weakness of the democracies is not attributed solely to the internal conflict within each nation. De Sales understands the impulse of irresponsibility in modern nations, particularly in America, and wonders whether we have really permanently overcome our isolationism. He attributes democratic weakness in part to the illusions which arise in a stable civilization and expose it to the thrust of a vigorous barbarism. "The French," he declares, "were part of a world which actually believed that the oldest dream of classical civilization, the elimination of war, had come to pass, a world which had come to deny what it feared the most and trusted in the mere virtue of denial to abolish the danger."

De Sales's skepticism, which is natural enough in so critical an intelligence, reveals itself variously. Though he knows that unless Germany is related creatively to a new European organization there can be no real health in Europe, he nevertheless inclines to Vansittart's thesis of the congenital political defects of German life. "Hitler . . . is the final product of a very long Teutonic will to rebel against the rule of the West." Thus his hopes of a New Europe are of the slightest. Here perhaps French bias is mixed with faint-heartedness.

More interesting is the fact that though he places his whole faith for the future of democracy in America, he has no real faith in the spiritual basis of American politics. He believes, I think rightly, that the idea of progress and the idea of the natural goodness of man are inadequate presuppositions for realistic democratic politics. But here he makes his only serious miscalculation of American social and political history. He thinks our American democracy has the same optimistic basis as French democracy. This is not quite correct. Let him read the papers of James Madison. Rousseau had less influence upon our thought than he imagines. We have, indeed, gone through fatuous decades recently. We have not understood the sorry and sometimes tragic realities of the struggle for political justice; and we were consequently not prepared for the rise of the monstrous perils of our epoch. But our tradition is sounder than he supposes.

At any rate his hopes are rather lame. Despite his effort to see the world of "tomorrow" hopefully, he retires behind a kind of spiritual Maginot Line and is content to save civilization from barbarism. We may forgive him this final lapse, however, since his superb analysis suggests what our own experience tends to prove; namely, that we cannot save civilization from barbarism at all if in the process of saving it we do not move forward, in terms of domestic and foreign

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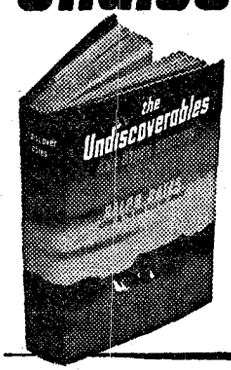

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RANDOM HOUSE

politics, to new forms and responsibilities more compatible with the realities of a technical age.

In thinking of the future we may well remember that "if hopes are dupes, fears may be liars." We shall not have a Utopia after the war. But we can be reasonably certain that the adjustments in our political thought and our economic life which are required to win the war will also be important in reconstructing the world. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

No Parole

NEVER COME MORNING. By Nelson Algren. Introduction by Richard Wright. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

NELSON ALGREN'S background, subject matter, and method of utmost realism identify him closely with the Chicago school of novelists. He shares their qualities of toughness and dreariness, as well as their compulsive feeling for low-life phenomena; and in one respect at least he is more extreme than they are. Farrell, for instance, deals with people who still have some kind of stake in organized living, whereas Algren scrapes the bottom of the social barrel to get hold of his characters. They are *Lumpen* proletarians all —a hopeless, sodden mass of human beings, forever mutilated, forever damned, in jail or out "doing time on a bum rap, with no parole."

This new novel shows somewhat more clearly even than his first work, "Somebody in Boots," that Algren has achieved a remarkably integrated approach to his theme. He neither exploits it for purposes of sensationalism nor impounds it politically in the manner of the left-wing novelists of the past decade. The impulsion behind his portrayal of sordid scenes and brutal lives seems purer and more sensitive to the possibilities of literary control. His concern with such things stems from his personal experience, and he has succeeded in turning this experience into a forceful thematic equivalent of his way of feeling and grasping the world. In this sense Richard Wright's introductory note, in which so much is heatedly said about sociological implications, strikes me as quite beside the point. These implications are all in the book, to be sure, but they are hardly the source of its value; they are much too obvious for that and nowadays a drug on the market anyhow. Its value lies, rather, in its utter sincerity and psychological truth. It is a novel about depressed people by a depressed man, and it is most convincing in its complete unity of action, mood, and form.

Its protagonist is a petty gangster and pugilist by the name of Bruno (Lefty) Bicek, an eighteen-year-old boy of Chicago's Polish colony on the northwest side. Lefty is formed by the harsh lot of his immigrant family and by the city folklore of tabloid fame and violence. His code is to play straight with his gang, even at the cost of perverting his girl, Steffi, and forcing her to enter a brothel. "To be regular was all he had ever been schooled to accomplish. Beyond being regular there was nothing expected of a man." Dreaming of becoming a champion, of seeing his name in the headlines, he in the meantime plunges deeper and deeper into a career of aimless crime; and his end comes soon enough, when he is arrested for murder after his first real triumph in the ring. Involved in this story and later running parallel to it is the

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story of Steffi, the description of whose life at Mama Tomek's house is in its way quite as sharp-sighted and precise as the brothel scenes in Faulkner's "Sanctuary."

The whole narrative is pervaded by a feeling of loss rather than of bitterness or horror. And Algren's realism is so paced as to avoid the tedium of the naturalistic stereotype, of the literal copying of surfaces. He knows how to select, how to employ factual details without letting himself be swamped by them, and, finally, how to put the slang his characters speak to creative uses so that it ceases to be an element of mere documentation and turns into an element of style.

PHILIP RAHV

Russian Resistance: 1812, 1942

NAPOLEON'S INVASION OF RUSSIA, 1812. By Eugene Tarlé. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

ARE historical events really repeated on a higher winding of a spiral line, as Goethe told us? If they are, the future suggested by the parallel between Napoleon's and Hitler's invasion of Russia would appear hopeful. Eugene Tarlé's book, written before this war began, presents a psychological parallel which seems to be of even greater importance than the superficial similarity of events.

It is still a current belief that General Cold and General Frost destroyed the Grand Army, but according to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" "it has been forgotten that the utter lack of marching discipline in the French army and not the Russian climate was responsible for the appalling disaster." From Tarlé's book it is evident that something else has been forgotten.

Scarcely a one of Napoleon's campaigns has inspired more books by historians and military authors than the Russian invasion. Caulaincourt's contemporary account and Marquis Chambray's monumental work seemed unsurpassable in their conscientious scrutiny of all details. Eugene Tarlé, in a masterful volume, demonstrates that the last word had not been said on a subject which is just now more intriguing than ever. He had access to a vast number of documents never before available—including letters of Czar Alexander, Kutuzov, the commander in chief, and Rostopchin, governor general of Moscow, and his conclusions reveal an entirely new aspect of the campaign.

Not cold and starvation but the Russian people defeated Napoleon—this is Tarlé's thesis. And he offers ample evidence to prove it. "Napoleon had gambled on terrorizing Russia," and he lost "because the Russian peasants treated the French as their ancestors had treated the Mongols." Napoleon did not even think of liberating the Russian serfs; he came not to break the old chains but "to add new chains to the old." That is why the war became national in every sense. From the end of September to the end of November, when Napoleon crossed the Berezina, the guerrillas rendered "great and indisputable services," just as they have done in the current war. Determined peasants helped to make a scorched-earth policy successful. Napoleon himself admitted, in exile, that at Borodino, where the Russians lost half their army, "the French showed themselves worthy of victory, and the Russians of being invincible." No doubt the

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morale of the Russian people could stand military defeats better than the French army could bear the setbacks at Tarutino or Krasnoye. According to the authors of the Decembrist generation the people indeed believed that by their heroic struggle they had "earned their freedom." They received instead a single line in the Czar's manifesto: "The peasants, our loyal people, will be recompensed by God."

Tarlé shows that now, as in 1812, it is the morale of the Russian people that enables them to offer successful resistance to the invader. Napoleon, like Hitler, could overrun but never conquer Russia. Napoleon was fully aware of his failure and from Moscow, where he was "besieged by an ocean of flames," sent one envoy after the other to Kutuzov to negotiate peace. His attempts came to nothing because the Russian nation, as Chernyshevsky wrote, had been "awakened by the glorious perils in 1812 to new life"—a new life which produced the Decembrists, Pushkin, Herzen, and other heralds of freedom. Tarlé's stress on the national character of the resistance has led one reviewer to make the unjustifiable assumption that the Russians intend to stop at the frontier after they have chased Hitler's armies from their soil. There was no reason for pursuing Napoleon's beaten army in 1812; there is a strong one for pursuing the Nazis.

Tarlé's book contains a detailed account of both the campaign and its political background and is delightful reading, for like most genuine scholars the author is an artist as well. Intensive research and vast knowledge have gone into it, but they never obtrude upon a narrative thrilling in itself and extremely well told.

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JOHN STEINBECK'S "The Moon Is Down" (Martin Beck Theater) gets nowhere with its novelty, which consists in the suggestion that a Nazi conqueror may be a man with heart and human memories after all. Its hero-villain, one Colonel Lanser who is played by Otto Kruger, is old enough to remember the other war and to know in his individual mind that this one cannot be won against the odds of universal hatred. Coming into a town, apparently Norwegian, which it has been his duty to invade, he encounters in the mayor (Ralph Morgan) and indeed in every citizen except the Quisling Corell (E. J. Ballantine) the simple and unkillable courage his private experience had schooled him to expect. He knows before he arrives, for instance, what one of his lieutenants will go all but mad with learning, namely, that at the most his army has "conquered flypaper."

Mr. Steinbeck does of course make something of this novelty, and the play has its points of interest, one of these furnishing the somewhat ghastly spectacle of the Colonel proceeding to order executions not only of persons whom he respects and likes more than he does his own people but of persons whose deaths he is certain will do no military good. The spectacle is perhaps too ghastly, too inexpressible, to be of use in tragedy, which cannot afford to leave too much of its meaning unspoken. At any rate Mr. Steinbeck is unable in the writing to put his finger on the point of conflict which will yield him as dramatist the maximum effect of power. The entire town hates the invader, yes; but the invader is divided and obscure, so that, at what should be the climax, we have the Mayor walking out of his house to be shot as a hostage by one who is merely bored with shooting, not to say sick of slaughtering good friends. The Colonel so far agrees with the Mayor as to be one who can prompt him as he rehearses the farewell speech of Socrates; the conflict is not between them at all, any more than it is in the mind of the Colonel alone, which remains a mind that Mr. Steinbeck has not concretely or intensely imagined. The Colonel, in other words, is no more a man than is the customary monster of the anti-Nazi drama. He has been modified in idea only. The ingredient added has been added to what is still an abstraction. So with the Mayor, who is nothing whatever in addition to what he needs by formula to be; and so with all the others who assist in the working out of a humanely conceived but woodenly written play.

The wood is partly in the dialogue, which rarely sounds natural or is spoken with the peculiar personal emphasis we can miss so much when it is not there. This is probably the reason that so many commentators have been free to discuss the tendency or moral of the play; to wonder, for example, whether Mr. Steinbeck has done well to suggest that all a conquered country has to do is wait until the conqueror remembers his humanity. It does not matter that much. Were the play better than it is, we should simply believe it; were it worse than it is, its effect would not matter at all. Just as it is, it seems to me to prove nothing either about its own characters, whom I do not believe, or about Norway in 1942, which it leaves hypothetical and remote.

MARK VAN DOREN

[*Mr. Krutch will resume his regular column next week.*]

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IN BRIEF

THE CHILDREN. By Nina Fedorova. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

The author of "The Family," the Atlantic's $10,000 prize novel, has written again a book that is vivid with real people facing real and often terrible problems. The scene shifts from Tientsin to America, and the story is that of the helpless plight of White Russian refugees fleeing Japanese terrorism. Despite, or perhaps because of, the hunger and heartbreak that Lida, the appealing, intelligent, and sensitive central character, has to endure in the endless flight from war, she is able to see beyond the evils of the day. There is an implied warning in this work, and even an explicit one, put into the mouth of an old soldier: "Neither might nor right wins —but patience, persistence, and courage."

THE PLAIN DEALER: 1842-1942. One Hundred Years in Cleveland. By Archer H. Shaw. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

This inside story of one of America's great newspapers by one who was on the staff for thirty-nine years is perhaps too detailed to interest the general reader. Clevelanders, newspapermen, and future social historians will find it valuable. Illustrated.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Desert Saints: The Mormon Frontier in Utah. By Nels Anderson. Chicago. $4.

Science and Man. Edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

The New Deal: Will It Survive the War? By Carroll Atkinson. Meador. $1.50.

Time and the Physician: The Autobiography of Lewellys F. Barker. Putnam's. $3.50.

The Road We Are Traveling, 1914-1942. By Stuart Chase. Twentieth Century Fund. $1.

The Unfinished Task: Economic Reconstruction for Democracy. By Lewis Corey. Viking. $3.

Dimensions of Society: A Quantitative Systematics for the Social Sciences. Stuart Carter Dodd. Macmillan. $12.

My Yankee Mother. By Herbert E. French. Vanguard. $2.50.

The France of Tomorrow. By Albert Guérard. Harvard. $3.50.

Outposts of Defense. By William H. Haas. Chicago. 50 cents.

Agent in Italy. By S. K. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

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Housman, 1897-1936. By Grant Richards. Oxford. $4.

Toward International Organization. By Howard Robinson, Harvey Alden Wooster, Max Lerner, George Fielding Eliot, Jacob Viner, Quincy Wright, William Ernest Hocking, and Oscar Jászi. Harper. $2.

Fortress of Freedom: The Story of the Library of Congress. By Lucy Salamanca. Lippincott. $4.

Razzle-Dazzle. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

A Primer of Sculpture. By Suzanne Silvercruys. Putnam's. $2.75.

The Strength of Nations. By George Soule. Macmillan. $2.50.

Time Runs Out. By Henry J. Taylor. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

Goethe and the Greeks. By Humphry Trevelyan. Macmillan. $3.75.

Verdi, the Man in His Letters. Edited and Selected by Franz Werfel and Paul Stefan. Fischer. $3.50.

MUSIC

STIEDRY ended the New Friends of Music orchestral series with a repetition of his orchestration of Bach's great "Art of Fugue"; but his other all-Bach program was devoted chiefly to the deadly dull contrapuntal exercises —except for the superb closing six-voiced Ricercare—of the "Musical Offering." This concert also offered the motet "Jesu, meine Freude," in which Stiedry conducted a chorus he might have used in a program of cantatas like the wonderful "Christ lag in Todesbanden" in Victor Set 120. So with the all-Mozart programs, which represented the New Friends' persistently undiscriminating search for the unfamiliar, its persistently erroneous notion that since the G minor Symphony K. 183, the Concerto K. 299 for flute and harp, the Overture in Italian style K. 318, and so on were written by the composer of the G minor Symphony K. 550, the Piano Concerto K. 453, the Violin Concerto K. 219, the Symphony K. 200, they are as interesting and worth playing. It is true that the New Friends must attempt to interest the public to a large extent with the music which the big orchestras leave unplayed; but this must be music which is worth the public's attention. It would have placed us in its debt by offering several more performances with Schnabel of those infrequently heard masterpieces, the piano concertos—K. 271, 450, 491, 595 this time—instead of only the one it did offer, K. 453. If financial reasons made this impossible we might have been given other infrequently heard masterpieces, albeit not by Mozart: the New Friends has repeated one or two of those marvelous Haydn symphonies that it resurrected three years ago; it might have repeated some of the others; it might have added some new ones. And it might have played some of the beautiful music it has left untouched—the music of Handel, Vivaldi, the superb Fantasias of Purcell which Lange performed with the Philharmonic-Symphony Chamber Orchestra several years ago.

In performance the high point of the series was reached with the playing of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 453—and this for reasons which I have discussed before, and which are important enough to be repeated. Conductors regard concertos not as part of the orchestral—or perhaps I should say the conductor's—repertory, but as display pieces for soloists; they do not decide to play a concerto and then engage a suitable artist for the solo part, but engage a soloist for his box-office appeal and choose one of the concertos in his repertory. That is why some of the greatest works of Mozart are almost never heard: the conductor has no interest in a work that shows off the soloist, and the soloist prefers to make a bigger noise with Beethoven or Brahms—to say nothing of Rachmaninoff. That is why, also, when they are heard they are not played as well as they could be: to mould contours and refine textures in the orchestral part, to achieve integration of style, phrasing, execution in the interplay of orchestra and piano—these require the care and time that a conductor is willing to give to "his" performance of a Mozart symphony, but not to a soloist's performance of a Mozart concerto. There are rare exceptions—Toscanini's performances of K. 466 and 467 with Iturbi, of K. 595 with Serkin, a few years ago; Barzin's performances of K. 595 with Schnabel, of K. 450 with Aitken, among others; Stiedry's performances with Schnabel. The mediocre performance of K. 482 by Schnabel with Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony last fall was the result of a mere hour's rehearsal; an entire two-and-a-half-hour orchestral rehearsal produced the marvelous performance of K. 453 by Schnabel with Stiedry nad the New Friends Orchestra. Similar careful preparation was evident in the performance of the Violin Concerto K. 219, in which Szigeti's tone was disturbingly wiry in the first movement, but its restored sweetness and his superb phrasing produced a wonderful statement of the slow movement.

The orchestra's playing in these concertos testified to Stiedry's musical and technical accomplishments as a conductor; but in other performances—of Mozart's G minor K. 550, of Bach's "Art of Fugue"—there was occasion to notice his tendency to break the easy flow in the orchestra's playing and in the music by suddenly pulling the orchestra back to a tempo just behind the one that had been established, or driving it to a tempo just ahead. The reasons why a guest conductor was engaged for one concert of this little series of five—and for the opening concert at that—were not apparent in the explosive dynamic contrasts and harsh sound of Szell's performances.

Victor's March set (869, $2.50) of Haydn's Quartet Op. 54 No. 1 has turned up, with a delightful work played by the Budapest Quartet of a few years back (Ipolyi instead of Kroyt) as this group alone seems able to play, and with the performance beautifully recorded (in England). My copy has a third side with a scraping surface; but you may be luckier.

I also have managed to hear the set (852, $3) of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 12 No. 3 for violin and piano—the uninteresting one of the Op. 12 group. Heifetz's playing is beautiful in sound and acceptable—that is, with fewer swells and wails than usual—in style; but either he or the recording director seems to have thought that even a mere accompanying violin figuration played by Heifetz is more interesting than the melody of the piano which it accompanies and, on these records, obscures.

Another set I have managed to hear is the one (873, $2.50) of Debussy's Sonata No. 2 for flute, viola, and harp. This work is one of the group that includes the Sonatas for violin and piano and cello and piano; it is of the same year (1915) as the Twelve Etudes for piano that Aitken played recently; and like these other late works it is an exercise of Debussyan style in a musical vacuum. The performance by Moyse, Merckel, and Laskine is excellent. In the DM set that I heard the label for side 1 was on side 2, and vice-versa.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

London Feels the Strain

[*We print below excerpts from a letter recently received from London.*]

. . . Many of us are very busy changing our views about Sir Stafford Cripps. I have always had a great regard for him and admired his independence even of his own party, but I now find some very Tory friends straining hard to adjust themselves. Everyone was greatly impressed by his broadcasts about Russia. They are building up a legend round him of course, but that probably has to be for the easier digestion of him. He did seem to bring with him a breath of the frightful struggle in Russia. We are really beginning to have to go without things, but he said of Russia, "There *aren't* any pots and pans," so total is the war effort.

I should have been very sorry if Churchill had been overthrown. Of course the last two years have been an incredible strain for him and it was time for other arrangements, which he has been elastic enough to make. In war nothing is justifiable but success.

Coal rationing has just come in for London. We are to have 112 pounds a week per house, which is rather little unless you have some in store, and there isn't much room for storing things here. We are just beginning to feel the effects of clothes rationing too. The sixty-six coupons buy very little, and if you had to start from scratch you would be very sparsely clad. You give up eighteen, for instance for a suit and eighteen for a coat. Shoes take six and anything woolen takes a lot. The stuff simply isn't here. There are also pretty grim forecasts for next winter. The Far East of course makes an immense difference to us as regards supplies. It will be hard on the very old and the young, but I don't think it matters much otherwise. It is useful to achieve a sense of proportion about material things.

If you are able to find a kettle that you can buy, it is a triumph for a year. Frying-pans can scarcely be come by and to break china or glass is a crime of the first order—especially when it is somebody else's stuff that is broken, for you can't replace it. If the laundry loses anything, you make a frightful hullabaloo, and in furnished rooms people are now asked to bring their own sheets. Soap is the burning question of the moment. People who live in a house of rooms and flats have to give up so much a month of their soap allowance to keep the main house going. That leaves you about six ounces a month, which I believe is generous compared with Switzerland or elsewhere.

The meat ration can still be made to last about three days a week if you are careful. There is a sort of unrationed border line in horse meat, which the refugee continentals eat a good deal, and—I regret to say—cat meat! I went to get some cat meat the other day for a tabby that looks disgracefully sleek, and a woman in the queue said brightly, "And I gave my husband a lovely stew of it—you wouldn't believe!" But until bread is rationed, as I suspect it must be before too long, I don't think we do badly, and it is extraordinary how soon you adapt yourself to almost anything. If I seem to give the impression that things are hard, that is wrong. They are only more difficult than they were two months ago.

One of the main troubles about the war is the way it puts many necessary things into the background. Housing, for instance. If you came to London now, you would get a shock. Not so much perhaps because of the shattered buildings, which have been tidied up and almost have the respectability of ruins, but because all the railings are gone. This is a tremendous improvement in the parks and gardens, but in the streets it has been very badly done, and all the curbs round the areas look ruined and untidy. London still has a wall eye. Windows are blocked up or have substitute glass. The Civil Service Stores have a whole façade of different patterned linoleums to replace the shattered windows. Our own house hasn't a sound door or window, which makes it very drafty, but we are well off compared with most. Smith Square, which had lovely Georgian houses, looks shattered, especially as the Church of St. John the Divine was gutted. The church was always called the dining-room table because it had four fat towers in the air, like legs. It once had a very lazy parson who wrote of himself, "Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew"; so it was a church with a rather ribald character. But now this has turned completely to pathos—as though the funny man had been made to cry. M. H.

Not "Poor White" but Poor

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the poll tax printed on March 21 stated that the tax disfranchises the "poor white" and the Negro. To most persons "poor white" means the white tenant farmer, the man who gets his living from land of miserable quality. Outside this classification, however, is a vast reservoir of potential voters who are also disfranchised by the poll tax, and it is to these that I should like to call your attention.

The South is peppered with small businesses. There are a great number of laundries, myriads of corner groceries, innumerable saw mills, cotton gins, tiny lumber yards, coal yards, coke furnaces, mattress factories, paper mills, marble works, potteries, and so on. Each employs from one to twenty or in some cases a hundred or more individuals—bookkeepers, checkers, and other white-collar workers, as well as what we call common labor. Again in the cities and towns Woolworth, Kress, department stores, chain stores, and the like employ countless clerks, drivers, office help, window dressers, sweepers.

These people do not fall into the classification of "poor white," though of course they are poor; the wages everywhere are low. Can they pay poll taxes? Take my neighbor, a man of forty, a floor manager in a middle-sized department store. Twenty years ago when he reached voting age he got a job. Like thousands of others he did not realize the importance of voting. The years slipped by. Now he is faced with an accumulation of back poll taxes of $40 if he wants to vote. If his wife wanted to, and incidentally she does, it would take another $40. His salary won't permit such an expenditure. He is disfranchised. But he is infinitely better off than the little girl across the street behind the counter in Woolworth's five and ten. She can't ever manage to take $2 out of her week's earnings to pay the tax.

I believe that if the Southern politicians had the choice of giving the vote to the "poor white" and the Negro or to these other disfranchised, they would unhesitatingly give it to the former group, which is made up of people so sunk in prejudice (poor white) or so scared (Negro) that their votes could easily be controlled. The other group would vote for progressive measures, and the con-

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trol of the minority would be ended. In short, the poll tax has its most injurious effect in preventing the growth of political consciousness and action among a group that could provide a broad base to free the whole South, including the "poor white" and the Negro.

EDWARD A. STILES

Montgomery, Ala., April 2

Pressure Groups vs. Design

Dear Sirs: Eleanor Roosevelt has voiced concern lest the returning soldiers after the war constitute a dangerous pressure group if their domestic interests have not been sufficiently safeguarded. Why worry about *possible* pressure groups when those long in existence made this war inevitable by refusing to permit necessary adaptations to change in the field of their vested interests? Is anyone taking any steps to remove this primary cause of war?

American pressure groups are still, unchallenged, forcing our principal government agencies to resist changes that cried out to be made a generation ago. Great care is being taken to avoid more than superficial thinking about what we shall face the moment peace comes. We continue to count on a huge public-works program to take up post-war slack.

The great problem of our generation is: how shall we change the handicraft-aristocratic-scarcity tastes of medieval origin so that design may be encouraged *now* to create great new peace-time uses for the factories, the machines, the mechanical skills essential to national survival in a world more willing to commit suicide than to use its imagination? Sir Stafford Cripps rightly says, "The failures of England and the United States have been failures flowing from the lack of imagination." Which is merely another way of saying that politically powerful pressure groups have an abundance of hindsight but will throttle anyone with foresight.

If Henry Ford had paid heed to pressure groups, he would have attempted to solve the problem of cheap mass transportation by breeding faster horses and building cheaper buggies. Instead, he did a lot of thinking over a drafting board. He reduced pretty theories to three dimensions. Yet this is the one formula we doggedly refuse to follow. We prefer to pamper our own pressure groups and hide the consequent failure and folly under a smoke screen of noble rhetoric!

CORWIN WILLSON

Flint, Mich., April 8

"I Like Poetry but . . ."

Dear Sirs: In his discussion of modern poetry in a recent *Nation* Randall Jarrell committed the fundamental error of accepting "modernist" gibberish as poetry. His hypothetical reader, if discriminating, would say, "I like poetry, but I do not like the infantile and meaningless cacophony that is the modern substitute for poetry."

If the function of the artist is to share with others his emotional response to his discovery of a pattern or a significance in the world, his fulfilment of that function is in direct proportion to the ease, directness, and clarity with which his work conveys the form and color of that response. The modernist seems to be preoccupied with his own emotional indigestion and therefore to have little to say that is worth saying. Furthermore, the means he employs are the reverse of direct and clear. He abhors the accepted meanings and orders of words, and sometimes assumes that one becomes a poet by abandoning punctuation.

The same attempt to substitute perverted "originality" and neurotic sensationalism for sanity and beauty is evident in the musical sphere and in that of the plastic and graphic arts. Modern "music," modern sculpture, and modern painting alike have sunk to the childish anarchism of the jungle that is the home of their primitive counterparts.

PAUL R. BIRGE

Silver Spring, Md., March 20

For Browder's Release

Dear Sirs: If we are to win this war and thus preserve our democratic way of life, every genuine anti-fascist, regardless of his politics, must be given a chance to contribute to the war effort. Earl Browder is the most powerful single anti-fascist fighter in this country, and his continued imprisonment is a mark of our lack of unity and understanding of the war issue.

CLARENCE C. GREEN

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 25

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The NATION
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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